

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS  
OCT 1 1884  
780 01  
CITY OF WASHINGTON

# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

Copyrighted for 1884, by RICHARD K. FOX, PROPRIETOR POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE, Franklin Square and Bover Street, New York.

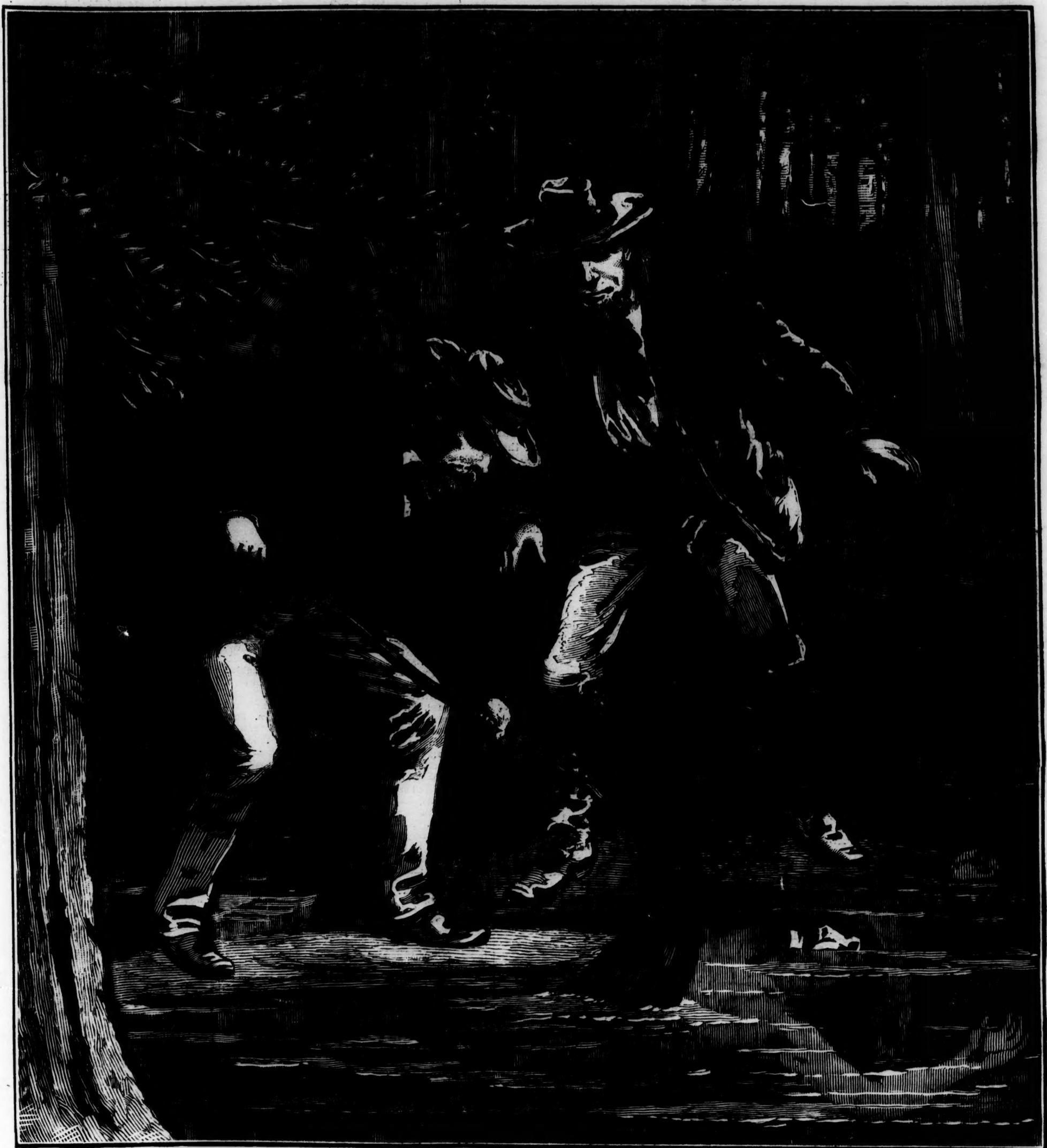
RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

[Three Months, \$1.00.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1884.

[One Year, \$4.00.]

VOLUME XLV.—No 368.  
Price Ten Cents.



## THE SECRET OF THE CEDAR SWAMP.

HIS NEIGHBORS DISCOVER THE NAKED CORPSE OF MISSING JAMES WAINWRIGHT IN A DEEP, DARK POOL AT TOM'S RIVER, N. J.

[From Sketches by Our Special Artists.]



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.  
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, October 11, 1884.

**13**  
**Weeks, \$1.**

The POLICE GAZETTE will be mailed, securely wrapped, to any address in the United States for three months on receipt of

**ONE DOLLAR.**

Liberal discount allowed to postmasters, agents and clubs. Sample copies mailed free. Address all orders to RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

Beware of imitations. The POLICE GAZETTE and "Week's Doings" are the only papers published by Richard K. Fox.

THE dives must go.

THE right kind of a gangway—the shortest cut to Blackwell's Island.

JAY GOULD says he doesn't want any change. No! He wants the entire dollar every time.

THE riddle of the Stinks—why is Hunter's Point still allowed to poison the air of New York?

BLAINE'S "magnetism" is his strong point. But suppose his friends get hold of the wrong poll, how then?

THE magical cabinet of Kellar and Cunard, at Tony Pastor's, is one of the cleverest illusions ever shown to a New York audience.

THERE was a catamaran race in New York Bay last week, but neither Anna Dickinson, Mrs. Scoville nor Susan B. Anthony entered for the match.

THE prevalence of earthquakes this year is very probably due to the fact that pedestrian exercise has become a favorite amusement of the Chicago girls.

THE insanity dodge, at all events, doesn't work worth a cent in Canada. They're going to try DeWolfe, Bebe Vining's mash, for forgery, crazy or not crazy.

THE cholera is abating in Naples. It has discovered that the Italians of New York are on their way home, and, like a sagacious pestilence, it skips the gutter.

A FELLOW is going over Niagara Falls in a rubber ball. Most fellows would have to take several balls—and not rubber balls either—before tackling a job of that size.

THE so-called English opera companies of the present season are made up almost entirely of Germans. The article they provide ought to be called "broken-English opera."

A BANK cashier who committed suicide the other day said, as between Canada and the other place (distantly alluded to by telephone occasionally), he preferred the other place.

IN Chicago when a United States marshal goes on secret service, he announces in the newspapers where he is going and what he is after. It saves time—to the other fellow.

AN infuriated editor in Pennsylvania killed his foreman the other day. He pleaded, in defense, that the foreman asked unceasingly for copy fourteen hours out of the twenty-four. He was not only acquitted by the jury, but the Pennsylvania Press Association presented him with a gold-mounted revolver. The Pennsylvania brand of foreman is quoted high in open market as a consequence.

A FOUL bird—the Bowery diver?

AN artless youth connected with the St. Louis Globe-Democrat describing the various wicked acts committed at a young lady's expense by a bold bad man, says: "On the night of the trades' procession she accompanied him in a buggy, at which time, she alleges, he nearly bit her upper lip off, the marks of his teeth being visible at the present time. He took her, also, on various excursions on the Charles Morgan, and she alleges that he made improper proposals to her, on one occasion even going so far as to threaten to cut her throat." So it is only "an improper proposal" in St. Louis to threaten to cut a girl's throat.

"A DECISION against New York Banks" is reported from the Supreme Court of New Jersey. The toughest thing in this line was the decision of the Canadian Judge who wouldn't extradite Eno.

GROVER CLEVELAND, according to the Telegram, keeps his bedroom lamp burning all night. He's evidently determined that nobody shall share his apartment without his knowing it.

EMILY SOLDENE is coming back to this country. Emily is the lady whose mouth was once exposed by a party of tourists under the impression that it was the mammoth cave of Kentucky.

ONE of the firm of Moet & Chandon, the champagne fellows, got married in New Jersey the other day. He was over here sizing the apple crop for next year's "glorious vintage of champagne."

CHARLES A. DANA says he doesn't raise chickens. Rutherford B. Hayes is the only great man engaged in that business. Dana declares that it is an infernal campaign lie—a fowl imputation as it were.

THE vilest wretches in the world are those who destroy the virtue of children. It is the poisoning of the well-spring of the race. That is why the "divers" must go—to the penitentiary if nowhere else.

THE directors of the Brooklyn City Railroad Company are directors of Greenwood Cemetery as well. That's why they run open cars over there in the cold nights of autumn. It's good for trade—at the cemetery.

THERE's a banker in China who makes Bill Vanderbilt sick with envy every time he hears his name. He is worth just \$1,400,000,000 and says that he owes his fortune to the fact that he has always been his own cashier.

So Ellen Terry didn't have a sore arm at all, and her failure to play with Irving in London was due not to illness, but to a clever scheme of advertising. Irving evidently learned two or three tricks while he was over.

THE Press Club is said to be badly shaken up by indiscriminate gambling. The amount of money one newspaper man can make off another is about as enormous as the proverbial fat on the brow of the axiomatic hen.

WHO'LL say John Stetson isn't a Jonah after this? Here's "Called Back," an immense success elsewhere, as dead as a stale flounder at the Fifth Avenue. It was John's bad luck that killed Gilbert and Sullivan in this country.

MAKE no mistake about it. Alf Greenfield, the English heavy weight, is coming out here to do some pretty lively work in the season's pugilism. The "blowers" of the profession will have to meet him on a business basis, or forever after hold their peace.

IN Georgia they don't like and won't have the POLICE GAZETTE. Georgia is the vilest, most immoral and disreputable State in the entire South. No wonder they don't like our plain English and our honest habit of calling a spade a spade, down in Go'gia.

"PETE" DWYER, the "Police Gazette" Evangelist, has written a capital fireman's song and dedicated it to the New York City Volunteer Firemen's Association. Ned Straight has written a melody for it and between the two they've got up something worth buying.

A FRIENDLESS and gibbering idiot was discovered on a Sixth Avenue car the other day. The police were quite in a quandary where to send him, when it was suggested that Puck needed a new editor. He got the berth, and is only absent from his post in his lucid intervals.

AL DAGGETT, the boss of the Republican party in Kings county, has had another sunstroke. At all events, he was picked up unconscious and had to be taken home in a black-and-tan cab. He says it was the sun that did it. He has Governor Cleveland's sincere sympathy.

POOR old John Stetson! He used to be a pretty fair sprint runner in his youth, but misfortune seems to be making a neck-and-neck race with him nowadays! If Congressman Morse wins his suit for a perpetual seat-right in the Globe theatre, Stetson will get a tremendous financial blow. It's only a test suit.

THERE's something wrong in the name of Leavitt—something fatal, at all events, to solvency and good financial repute. Mike Leavitt left a company in Berlin to find its way home as best it could, and Andy Leavitt has done the same with a combination in Jamaica, L. I. Hereafter "actors" will not be left by the Leave-itts, if they know what's what.

THE divers must dust.

## IKE BUZZARD.

The Leader of a Notorious Band of Pennsylvania Desperadoes.

[With Portrait.]

The Buzzard gang have long been a terror to one of the most prosperous and law-abiding sections of Pennsylvania. In the beautiful hills and valleys of Lancaster, Dauphin and Lebanon the Buzzards are as much dreaded as were the famous James brothers of the West. Like their Missouri prototypes, the Pennsylvania desperadoes were led by a band of brothers. Ike Buzzard is now in jail at Lancaster, Pa., but some of his brothers are still at large, and are supposed to be hiding in the Welsh Mountains, surrounded by a band of desperate men. Isaac is the fourth of six sons of Jacob Buzzard, who was killed at the battle of Chancellorsville. Jacob, Isaac, Martin and Joseph were educated at the Soldiers' Orphan School, Mount Joy, Pa. They all have served terms of imprisonment in the Lancaster County Prison for crimes ranging from petty larceny to horse-stealing and burglary. Isaac was sentenced to eighteen months on Feb. 18, 1874, for larceny, and on April 20, 1881, to ten years for burglary. He broke jail May 24, 1882, in company with ten others, including the noted one-eyed horse-thief, John Frankford, and his (Ike's) brother, Abe. He was recaptured July 7, 1882. He again broke jail Oct. 10, 1883, and was recaptured in Chicago June 21, 1884. At times he is quite communicative, and tells some thrilling stories of his adventures. A few weeks ago he was felled in an attempt to get away, and has since become quite sullen and morose.

The escape from the Lancaster prison was one of the boldest jail deliveries on record. When the eleven convicts stepped from the prison door it was just before twilight on a pleasant day in the early fall. The streets were crowded with people, and an effort was made by some pedestrians to halt the jail-birds. One man was knocked senseless with a heavy rock, another was stretched across the walk by a strong blow, and a bold dash soon placed the convicts out of immediate danger. The news of the desperate escape spread like wild-fire. The clangor of the city fire-bells called together a large crowd of men, and search was at once instituted for the outlaws. The mother of the Buzzard boys lived sixteen miles east of Lancaster, in the wilds of the Welsh Mountains, an almost impregnable fortress. Bands of men on horseback were soon scouring the country in every direction, all of the searching parties tending toward the Buzzard house. A company of militia joined the pursuing party. Farmers flocked to its support armed with scythes, hoes, shot-guns, or the nearest weapon they could secure. As night drew on they gathered about the little cabin of the Buzzards, completely surrounding it, and, as they vainly thought, cutting off all chance of escape. Not a sound could be heard from within. The heavy door was barred and huge shutters concealed every window. The ominous silence proved anything but inspiring to the huntsmen. For many a year the Buzzard boys had been a terror in the community, and backed by the gang of desperate criminals supposed to be with them in the hut were doubly to be feared. After midnight, however, a sortie was made, but a hot volley from behind the walls of the fortress drove back the vigilance committee, and when the hut was finally stormed not a soul was found therein. One of the sheriff's posse had his face and neck filled with shot, but no one was seriously injured. Excitement ran high for many a day. The mountain fastnesses were scoured by scores of men, and not a foot of those bleak heights escaped close scouting, but the search was unavailing, and after a time the excitement ran lower and lower until it had exhausted itself, only to be revived a little by the subsequent capture of one or two of the outlaws.

## CLUBS WERE NOT TRUMPS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Officers Anderson and O'Neill, of Milwaukee, Wis., claim to have had an encounter with a ghost recently, which they will forever remember. They stand ready to prove by their own experience that the general belief that there are no such things as ghosts is absurd. The two officers are partners, and do night duty in the upper Fourth ward, their beat being between Twelfth and Thirty-fourth streets, and State street and the Menominee river. It was midnight when the two officers were strolling leisurely along Thirty-fourth street, between Cedar and Wells streets. Suddenly and without warning there appeared behind Officer Anderson a large white object, which, he says, touched his heels as he walked, and the two, becoming alarmed, started on a run which they continued for two blocks, the object keeping close to them. Suddenly it was seen to change its course and pass through the gate into a front yard. The officers followed, closed the gate behind them, when before them stood the white object. Anderson drew his pistol, took aim, and was about to fire, but his pistol would not discharge. O'Neill drew his club and threw it at the object, when it quickly disappeared and was lost to sight. The officer made a search for the club, but it, too, had disappeared. The officers reported their experience at police headquarters next morning, and, on their oath, swore to the truth of their story. Both of the officers have since "sworn off," and the price of Milwaukee beer has declined ten per cent.

## ROWDY PICNICKERS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

One of the gangs of young ruffians that band together ostensibly for social purposes, but are frequently nothing more than lawless mobs, was brought to grief lately by the prompt action of the police and the firmness of a police justice.

The Fleetwood Association, of Morrisania, had a moonlight picnic, and on their way home at dawn stopped on the bridge over Fourth Avenue at One Hundred and Sixty-second street, near Melrose station. Mounted Policeman Reinhardt heard that they were on the bridge insulting people passing, and rode up and called upon the young men to disperse. They cried at him with derision and pelted him with stones. One slashed at him with a knife, and made a deep gash in his saddle. Reinhardt put spurs to his horse and galloped to the Morrisania station for help. The sergeant and half a dozen policemen followed Reinhardt on horseback to the bridge. Arriving there, they charged at the gang with their clubs, and made things lively for awhile, capturing several of the riotous crowd.

When brought before Justice Murray, he promptly sent the rioters to the Island for six months. A subsequent application by prominent politicians to Justice Duffy for the release of one of the prisoners, met with a stern refusal.

## FLASHES OF FUN.

Specimens of Wit and Humor Culled From Many Sources.

WHY did Lot's wife look back? Because she was "too fresh."

If you would be wealthy, get upon a mule; you will soon find you are better off.

THE air is full of elopements and rumors of elopements. This is leap-year, by the way.

"Of what complaint did your father die?" "The jury found him guilty," was the answer.

"BUT I will not linger upon this point," as the preacher said when he sat down on the carpet-lack.

"THEY tell me you have had some money left you," said Brown. "Yes," said Smith, sadly; "it left me long ago."

If all the world's a stage and men and women merely players, where are the audience and orchestra to come from?

WHY does a chicken stay in the road until your horse is almost on top of it and then get out of the way with a jump?

How is it that trees can put on a new dress without opening their trunks? Because they leave out their summer clothing.

CARLYLE says, "Laughter means sympathy." This will bring comfort to the man who has inadvertently trodden on a banana-peel.

FORTUNE is like a collar-button; when it flies from you, you have to get on your hands and knees and work hard to get it back.

THE very latest about woman—Some malignant slanderer now states that "a woman needs no eulogist, for she speaks for herself."

"IT is not good for a man to be a loan," replied Mrs. Yeast, when a lady asked her to loan her husband as an escort for a few minutes.

A BOOK agent was struck by lightning last Tuesday night, and on the spot where he stood it looked as if a brass cannon had been melted.

"ARE there any fools in this town?" asked a stranger of a newspaper boy, yesterday. "I don't know," replied the boy; "are you lonesome?"

"I'd like to give you a piece of my mind, Mrs. Smizga." "I wouldn't talk of impossibilities, Mr. Spriggs—the article you speak of is too small to be divided."

ONE young man said to another: "It is a long way from this world to the next." "Oh, never mind, my dear fellow," said the other; "you'll have it all down hill."

"BUT, will you hold my horse for me for about ten minutes?" "Not exactly. I kin git ten minutes most any time, but I'll hold 'im for yer for about ten cents."

MARK TWAIN, lecturing on the "Sandwich Islands," offered to show how the cannibals eat their food if anybody would lend him a baby. The lecture was not illustrated.

THE deaths in the City of Mexico far outnumber the births, and the population is only kept up by immigration. This must be encouraging to immigrants—providing they are undertakers.

"How much did he leave her?" asked a lady on learning of the death of a prominent and wealthy citizen. "Everything, madam," replied the lawyer, "he didn't take a dime with him."

"HALLOO!" shouted one boy to another, whom he saw running wildly down the street. "Halloo! Are you training for a race?" "No," called back the flying boy, "I'm racing for a train."

"WAITER, didn't I tell you to give me a piece of melon off the ice?" "Yaas, sah; you did, sah." "Well, this piece is as warm as a tin roof." "Yaas, sah. Dat's 'cause hit's off de ice, sah. Dey's allus wa'm when dey's off de ice, sah."

"WHEN do you think of celebrating your wooden wedding?" asked one Burlington citizen of another. "Sh!" was the cautious reply; "don't mention it. There are altogether too many broomsticks and rolling-pins in the house already."

"I SAY, Jones, dine with me at the house to-night, will you?" "Certainly—with pleasure. Will your wife expect me?" "No; that's the beauty of it. We had a quarrel this morning about the sea-shore business, and I want to make her mad."

RECKLESS DUDE (to burglar, whom he has just discovered in closet): "Oh, you nasty, saucy thing, to hide in my bedroom! There! I'll break your umbrella, so you can't go out without getting soaked, for it's raining like anything outside." Burglar faints.

AN Eastern man received a telegram from the West announcing the sudden demise of a relative, and replied: "Send on the remains at once." No telegram was received in answer, but a few days later a letter came saying simply: "There ain't no remains. He was killed by a mule."

"LET's play we was married," said little Annie to little Dick, "and you put your arms around me and kiss me and tell me you love me. Won't that be nice?" "Yes, but don't let's be married. You be a nurse and I'll be some other little girl's husband. That's the way papa does."

No, Patti has no babies. The family can't afford 'em. When they realized that it would cost the youngsters in the crib two thousand dollars every time he wanted his mother to sing him to sleep, cash up the door or no concert, they decided that no baby could stand it unless he mortgaged the nursery.

"MOLLY, I wish you would be a better little girl," said an Austin father to his little daughter. "You have no idea how sorry I am that mamma has to scold you all the time." "Don't worry about it, pa," was the reply of the little angel. "I am not one of those sensitive children. Half the time I don't hear what she says."

A COLORED man, with protruding eyes, rushed into Justice Tegener's office and exclaimed: "I wants Cal Jones, who lib's next door to me, put under a million dollars bond ter keep de peace." "Has he threatened your life?" "He has done dat berry ding. He said he war gwine ter fill de next nighgah he found after dark in his hen-house plum full of buckshot."

## STAGE WHISPERS.

## Insolvency, Ignorance and Dirt Still Hold the Histrionic Fort.

## The Old Hen's Dizzy Girls, Scene-Chewing Fakes and Tart Comedians of the Day.

The McGibney company is at it again. The Lord rest their souls!

Lester Wallack has become immortal. He never dyes nowdays.

Buchanan's play of "Moth Eaten," or words to that effect, is still on the road.

Dr. Damrosch's new tenor is named Schott. Most tenors ought to be shot, anyhow.

"The Pulse of New York" beat abnormally low in Boston. It was a mere flicker, in fact.

"Bill" Comley has been "roasting" his company, so they say. That's nothing, nowadays.

Just as we predicted, "Life" is a fearful failure. Poor Janaschek! However, let her pass.

It has leaked out, somehow, that Gen. Paredis Davis blows his own diamonds. More than likely.

"Distrust" is still on the turf. It enjoys the reputation of being the toughest and tarest show on the road.

Kate Castleton and her company were in "All at Sea" in San Francisco the other day. So was the audience.

Newt Gotthold has not got hold with his new tragedy. "Micals" is pronounced a dizzy failure. So mote it be.

Fannie Herring is on the towpath again. The voice of flattery would be strained to call Fanny a fresh herring.

Lawrence Barrett produced "Money" at the California theatre lately. It was the play, however, and not coin.

It is rumored that Rhea has promised to give all her old dresses to Miss Jemima Morrissey, her faithful attendant.

Alice Cayvan will shortly appear in one of the Madison Square plays. Let us hope that she will be as clever as her sister.

The truth has leaked out at last about Rhea's magnificent wardrobe. She bought it in a Parisian pawnshop for \$24.

May Wilkes is Horace Vinton's wife, and a very pretty and charming woman. She plays leading business with Rose Eytinge this season.

An actor named Block supports Roland Reed. Reed is a pretty good comedian and doesn't seem to really need such substantial assistance.

Ryley has got a yacht. They say that he is a capital navigator. Perhaps he is. At all events he is pretty generally at sea when he tries to sing.

Will Morgan has married Amy Gordon. This highly important statement may be depended upon. They were not morganatically married either.

Rhea, the society star, will play just half her season out—or the POLICE GAZETTE never called the turn since it began to be a prophet.

Harry Edwards wants to sell his collection of bugs to the State of California for \$50,000. Harry's modesty will be the death of him if he don't look out.

Maude Granger has bought a new piece in which she intends to star. She calls it "The Fool of the Hour." It is popularly supposed to refer to her backer.

Tom Whiffen and his wife are back from Europe. They are the salt of the earth, and almost give a freshening saving grace to the rest of "the profession."

Robert Buchanan does not like America. His objection to the country seems to be founded on the fact that he can't get more than five meals a day over here.

Flora Moore is described as a "wild rosebud." Well, that's about what she is—the wildest of the wild. But "a rosebud"—come, that's drawing it a trifle sharp, isn't it?

It is the proud boast of the present Duke of Marlborough that his ancestors paid their way instead of accepting dead-head tickets to the first appearance of Lotta in England.

Farry and Bay are in trouble. Their treasurer has skipped with \$400. The company, in consequence, is carefully overhauling its individual and collective shoe-leather.

Selina Dolaro has come back from New Orleans rich beyond the dreams of avarice. This is a new experience with Selina, and she feels correspondingly jolly, dear old girl.

Tom Keene had a laurel wreath of silver presented to him in Pittsburg. Tom is a good fellow, a clever actor and a gentleman. Good luck as well as silver laurel leaves attend him.

Brignoli confesses to being thirty-five years of age. He made the same admission over sixty years ago. A good many authorities say that Brignoli is the real original "Auld Brig o' Doon."

George Pendar is getting up a new version of "Mazepa." Charles Miran will impersonate the (tomato) *Qun of Tartary*. He is said to be tarter, even, than the original cream of that ilk.

William B. Sheridan is said to be about to marry Louise Davenport. A year or so ago there was a pretty vigorous and observant Mrs. Wm. E. Sheridan. What can have become of her?

Freund's new play is entitled "True Nobility." Albert Weber is the hero of the piece and Helen Bancroft plays the leading female part. Pierre Lorillard, so they say, backs this entry.

That venerable chestnut-tree, Ned Lamb, doesn't seem to be as conspicuous this season as he used to be. Can it be possible that he has entered into partnership with John Penurious Smith?

Barrymore has been engaged to play at the Haymarket, and Wheeler of the World is consequently insoluble. He will have to pay for his own breakfasts at the Union Square Hotel.

Bobo Vining's husband has been consigned to a dungeon cell in a lunatic asylum. The experts unanimously pronounced him insane when they learned that he had married an opera singer.

Harry Mann has organized a scratch company to play the "Parlor Match." Hoyt, who wrote it, says it is a ten-strike. Let's hope it won't be thrown away after the tenth failure to get a light.

The excessive freshness of young Buckstone so won the sympathy of Andrew Dam, of the Union Square Hotel, the first time he saw him, that he offered to provide the youth with a bed in the refrigerator.

George Hoey has originalized a new play from the French, and calls it "Under the Upas Tree." It is said to be more blighting even than one of the parental Hoey's letters on the subject of honoring his son's drafts.

Isn't Gunter's "D. A. M." just catching it in New England. The general impression is that if his family could have proved that Rhinelander wrote the piece, the verdict against his sanity would have been unanimous.

Sadie Martinot is announced as intending to take Kate Castleton's place in "Pop." We thought the fair and over-advertised Sarah had been engaged by the Lyceum management to star in one of Steele Mackaye's pieces?

Joe Emmett's new play is said to be worse than any of its predecessors. It must be terrible. A good many people believe that Joe's plays embody his experiences after looking too long upon the bloom when it's on the rye.

Frank Girard goes on the road next season with a company of his own. He will be a great loss to Tony Pastor, whose right bower he has been for ever so long. As times go, Frank is quite justified in striking out for himself.

Almee, according to Sammy Grau, has made the hit of her life in "Mam'zelle." What a genius the little Frenchwoman must be to make one of Jessop & Gill's comedies a go! But then, with Almee, everything goes.

Michael Heumann is "catching on" at his National theatre in a way to make his Broadway rivals turn green with envy. He plays to bigger and bigger business every week. Next season he will have to rebuild his theatre—see if he won't.

Bartholomew Campbell, who knows as much about Mexico as he does about Siberia, has written a Mexican play which he calls "Poquito." Poquito, in Spanish, means "very little." Very little of Bartholomew's play will go a very long way.

The Lambs' Club is anxiously awaiting Prof. Steele Mackaye's return to theatrical prominence. The steward has been instructed to send him a receipted bill the moment he shows up. There are worse fellows in the world than Steele Mackaye.

Suffering Caesar! What names these actresses are heaping on themselves nowadays. The very latest eccentricity in this line is Miss "Mercedes Malarini," who goes with "Ranch No. 10." The female representative of cholera will arrive with Harry Sullivan.

Ellen Terry and Henry Irving have openly quarreled. It is to be hoped that Irving will come to grief this season as he deserves. His tireless parasite, little Joe Hatton, will come with him unless he splits himself open on the fence which separates Irving from Terry.

Victorien Sardou's new play is named "Theodora," and refers to characters who existed in the year 327. Genevieve Ward and Bertha Welby are both of them applicants for the piece—327 was about the time that each of them was beginning to get famous.

Ha! ha! Here is the dear, stupid, rose-colored, maudering old *Telegram* writing up Audran's "Mogul" as a new and successful opera, whereas it was played at the Bijou Opera House as "The Snake-Charmer," and achieved a mild and not altogether unpleasant failure.

"Dying" Boucicault has changed business managers again. The unfortunate who at present fills that one-week situation is one Parker. Boucicault has almost as many business managers in a year as John Stetson has. Stetson, by the way, is engaged to be married.

Mr. Richard Dorney, ex-head usher of the Broadway theatre and deputy sub-assistant acting manager for John Augustin Daly, was not beloved in Boston at the end of a recent tarry there. They thought, the superficial Bostonians, that Mr. Dorney was a trifle too "previous."

Dear old Genevieve Ward is back again in Australia. Her reminiscences of the building of the pyramid of Cheops are much enjoyed. It is whispered that she has promised, on retiring from the stage in 207 A. D., to finish her great autobiographic work, "The Deluge, by an Eye-witness."

Cottrell got married some years ago with much emphasis and solemnity at the City Hall, by Mayor Ely. Her husband is at present suing her for a divorce, and, incredible as the statement must appear in the case of an actress, accuses her of adultery! Dear! dear! what are we coming to!

Mark Tapley Rice is very low-spirited nowadays. His shows are making money and he is in a condition to pay salaries. The sensation is a novel one and it makes him very uncomfortable. Mark Tapley never feels quite jolly unless his "artists" are threatening to "take it out of him."

The Press Club, of Buffalo, is evidently made up of professional paupers. Every star happening along that way is obliged to contribute a "benefit" to the unfortunate concern. What an abject lot of curs must they be, these Buffalo newspaper men, to depend on the reluctant charity of a mob of "actors."

One of the best-known dramatic weeklies in town promptly discharged its Philadelphia correspondent last week. The wretched creature was guilty of writing English. He also betrayed a knowledge of grammar utterly out of keeping with his position. Happily, very few out-of-town correspondents of dramatic papers ever indulge in such enormities.

"No, I am not asleep," said Tom Morris, the other evening. "I'm trying to recollect what my grandfather told me about Janaschek the first time I ever went to a theatre." Janaschek's new play, by the way, is called "Life." It ought to be called "Immortality." The latter title would be much more appropriate.

Johnny Rogers has made a bid for the New Park theatre. He is backed by a prominent business man, although he is quite ready to "put up" his own money. If Rogers ever gets hold of a New York theatre, he'll make the turf fly. Take him for all in all, he is about the only live manager on the American stage to-day.

"Cliff" Tayleure has met with an accident which has left his right arm useless. "Cliff" is a very good fellow, and we hate to crack a joke at the expense of his misfortune; but if the accident will keep him from writing any more plays and letters of indignant protest to the newspapers, it will not have happened altogether in vain.

"I don't see no reason," observed Mr. John Stetson the other day, with great dignity, "why them newspaper fellers is always a-guyin' of Gen. Logan on account of his English. Hain't he got as much right as the next man to perpetrate a soldierism?" Then Mr. Stetson sent "Pop" out to buy him a bit of cheese and a cruller.

One of the earliest comers-in this season will be Almee—see if she won't. And she will be followed by Cottrell. It is as much as the American play-goer can do to stand a broken-English tragedian. He does it, however, on a sort of religious basis. But the foreigner who undertakes to give him his fun on a buzz-saw basis will be badly—very badly—left.

John Brougham, forty or fifty years ago, called Lotta a "dramatic cocktail." Unlike a bottle of wine, the "dramatic cocktail" doesn't improve with age. She's turned all bitter. Come off, Charlotte, and give the real girls a chance. You've had a pudding for the last two generations. Let Minnie Palmer and Minnie Maddern have their whack at the boodle.

"Little Duke" has lost whatever grip it once possessed at the Casino. The people who went there out of curiosity to see John McCaull have exhausted that attraction, going so far as to say, in fact, that the show wasn't worth the money. McCaull, it seems to us, makes a show of himself at times, admission to which would be reasonable at the price of a five-dollar bill.

Charlie Mendum is one of the fellows who have got the show business down to the lowest notch of cynical contempt. He made a lot of money with Mrs. Langtry, whom people went to see out of sheer curiosity, so he has offered Victoria Schelling-Morosi-Hulkamp \$500 a week to permit him to exhibit her as a curiosity also in the guise of the leading singer in the "Seven Ravens."

What a delicate and decent "profession" it is. Here it is, bellowing to all the points of the compass that "Osmond Tearle is anxious to get home to be present at the arrival of his son and heir." By the way, there must be some mistake in this. His son and heir arrived some time ago—from England—with his mother, and Osmond Tearle didn't seem at all anxious to see them, either.

The system of advance-notes has made great headway in the "profession" this year, and several sailors' boarding-house keepers have moved up town to get a slice of the trade. This is another indication of the fact that actors are rapidly settling down to their proper level. It is said, by the way, that Fred. Warde had to take his entire company out of pawn before he could put them on the road.

Tillotson, of the Grand Opera House, is very ill. Too bad. There are very few men like him connected with the "profession." Honest, upright, blunt, straightforward and kindly, the vermin of the stage never liked him. He could not be polite to them, and his clean, domestic nature found no entertainment in their bar-room joys. No wonder few actors speak kindly of Tillotson, and no wonder, also, that those who are not actors, hearing of his illness, heartily wish him a quick and lasting return of health.

Owing to the unparalleled success of their version of the "Little Duke," Bunner, Townsend, Henderson, Valentine, Montgomery & Co. are hard at work on another libretto. Bunner's poetry supplies the comic element, and Henderson's jokes do duty for the serious interest. Valentine, Montgomery and Townsend act as the "dog" on which the novelty is tried, act by act. Montgomery has been extremely ill in consequence, while Valentine's mind has been so seriously affected that he actually believes he sees where the laugh comes in in his Fitznoodle letters! These gifted young authors must look out—or there'll be trouble.

That amazing creature, W. A. Croffutt, is back again in journalism as the press agent of Adelaide Detchon and other stars. Croffutt is one of the most intolerable of all extant types of newspaper man. He has been a hanger-on of Mrs. Leslie, a fonder of the cheap free-lunch nonsense of the Potluck Club, and a bear leader for the Marquis de Leuille. To the Potluck he used to contribute a "poem" as an equivalent for his supper, and he has given some quite clever entertainments at other people's houses and at other people's expense. He posed at one time as a "dramatic author," and nobody who saw him make his grotesque bow as the sole inventor of "Deseret" will forget the wonderful show he made of himself in one of Shea's hired-out dress suits on that tragic occasion. Croffutt ought to dig a hole in the dirt, crawl in and pull a clod over him, instead of writing Important Trifles for a great newspaper like the World.

Alfred Trumble, one of the cleverest and most versatile of the many clever and versatile gentlemen who are doomed to the perpetual penal servitude of having to write for a living, has just finished his new play for Rose Eytinge. It is called "Aunt Emily," and Miss Eytinge says it is the best drama ever composed for her. As she is beyond all question the cleverest woman on the American stage, she ought to know. If Trumble's play is a go—as we feel sure it will be—other men of education and real talent will discover that one need not sink to the intellectual level of a Bartley Campbell or an Elliott Barnes—the Siamese twins of American play-writing—to achieve success in dramatic literature. Trumble is an accomplished fellow and a gentleman in the genuine and not the shopman's sense. The good wishes and the strenuous help of every real journalist ought to be with him.

## A FAMILY OF CRANKS.

## The Astonishing Pedigree of a Doctor Who Performed a Fatal Surgical Operation on His Wife.

In 1864 Lewis W. Beach, of Towanda, Pa., married Miss Francis Sweeney, daughter of Dr. D. H. Sweeney, without the knowledge and against the will of her father. Beach had recently completed his studies as a medical student, and although he was coming into considerable favor as a physician, he had formerly been noted for peculiarities of conduct and eccentricities which had led many people to regard him in the light of a semi-lunatic. After his marriage these peculiarities seemed to disappear entirely, and he was subsequently admitted to partnership in Dr. Sweeney's practice. Some years ago trouble arose between him and his wife, and she finally left him. He went to another part of the State, at last locating in Altoona. He practiced his profession there, and, making the acquaintance of a Miss Knott, he married her. It is not known whether she ever knew of his former marriage, but the two lived happily together in Altoona.

On the evening of the 7th of last April Dr. Beach entered the house of his brother-in-law, Levi Knott, and coolly informed him that he had killed his wife. The doctor's house was immediately visited. In one of the rooms the woman's dead body was found lying on the floor. The head was nearly severed from the body, the left arm was cut to the bone in several places, and both hands were gashed badly, as if the wounds had been received while the unfortunate woman was struggling with her assassin. Two surgeon's knives and a small butcher's cleaver lay near the body, covered with blood. The struggle had evidently been begun in a sleeping apartment, for it was splashed with blood, and bloody footprints made by the murdered woman led from that room to the apartment where her body was found.

Dr. Beach would give no reason for committing the frightful deed. He was committed to the jail in Holldaysburg to await trial. The trial was held two weeks ago at a special term of the court before Judge Dean. The defense was the plea of insanity, and the testimony on that point revealed a remarkable mental condition existing in the prisoner's family, all branches of which are highly respectable and belong in Bradford county. L. L. Beach, the prisoner's father, testified that up to 1860 he always regarded his son as insane, and that he noticed a return of the malady in 1883. "My father, Nebemiah Beach, was insane," said the witness, "my oldest brother, Stephen, was insane, and my second brother was an idiot. My brother Charles is idiotic, having scarcely any mind. My sister, Ann Peckham, had a son who died in the insane asylum. My wife's brother, Ambrose Grace, was insane."

Dr. Beach's first wife, with many others, swore to their belief in his insanity, while a long list of witnesses testified that they had never noticed anything about his actions to indicate that he was other than perfectly sane and responsible.

The jury found a verdict in a short time of murder in the first degree. The prisoner was apparently unprepared for such a result, as he turned deadly pale and nearly fainted. A motion for a new trial will be argued on Oct. 2.

## A NEWSPAPER CRANK.

[Subject of Illustration.]

William Beach Hazelton, a well-known journalist of Washington and formerly of Baltimore, was taken to the station-house, Sept. 21, by a hack-driver and locked up on the charge of refusing to pay his hack fare. At the instance of his wife and some friends he was visited by Drs. Hamilton and Kleinschmidt, who, after an examination, declared him insane and issued a certificate to that effect, upon which he will be committed to the asylum.

Hazelton became prominent six or seven years ago by bringing out a new opera in Baltimore entitled the "Electric Light," which did not prove a financial success. About three years ago he started a morning paper in Baltimore called the *Times*. He began on a large scale, but the paper collapsed in a week, as it appeared Hazelton did not have a dollar of capital to sustain it. His vagaries have attracted considerable attention in Washington during the last month. He was employed recently on the *National Tribune*, but having severed his connection with that paper he opened an office in the Corcoran building as a pension and claims attorney, and represented to some persons that he derived an income of \$1,000 a day from his business.

He has had several big visionary schemes on foot. Among other ventures he has been negotiating for the purchase of several newspapers, and to a number of journalists of this city he offered salaries of \$5,000 a year to work for him.

One gentleman reported to the police officials since Hazelton's confinement that he represented that he was negotiating for the purchase of all the rights, stock and fixtures of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. A few weeks ago he desired to become a member of the Washington Press Club, and said he would build a handsome club-house for the organization. About a month ago he obtained considerable notoriety in New York on account of a Republican meeting which he sought to get up at Cornwall, on the Hudson. He contracted for bands of music, stands, flags, printing and other incidentals of a large scale, and at the last moment the proposed great demonstration collapsed, as it was found that there was no money to foot the bills. On Saturday night, Sept. 20, he gained access to the stage at Concert Garden, and insisted on singing one of the airs from his opera. During the same night he rushed about in a hack visiting the homes of newspaper publishers for the purpose of getting a paper printed which he claims to be editing. He said he had the type set and wanted to get the presswork done. He wanted 15,000 copies of the paper struck off. He says that he has recently concluded a novel which is to be published in one of the magazines over the name of "William Beach."

## THAT DOG SNYDER.

[With Portrait.]

We present this week a portrait of Snyder, one of the pets of James W. Clark, proprietor of the "Police Gazette" Park, 422 South Washington street, Scranton, Pa. Snyder is a good dog, and as a fighter and wrestler is champion of Lackawanna county, and is ready to meet any other dog of his own weight (22 pounds) from any other county, barring none.



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

CORA D'ANKA.

[Photo by John Wood.]

## A Missing Italian Consul.

A sensation has been created in Baltimore by the announcement that E. De Merolla, Vice-Consul to Italy and Turkey, and one of the

most prominent social features of the city, had disappeared, leaving his affairs in a very embarrassing condition. He left his boarding-house on the morning of Sept. 1, taking with him only a light hand-satchel, and no trace of

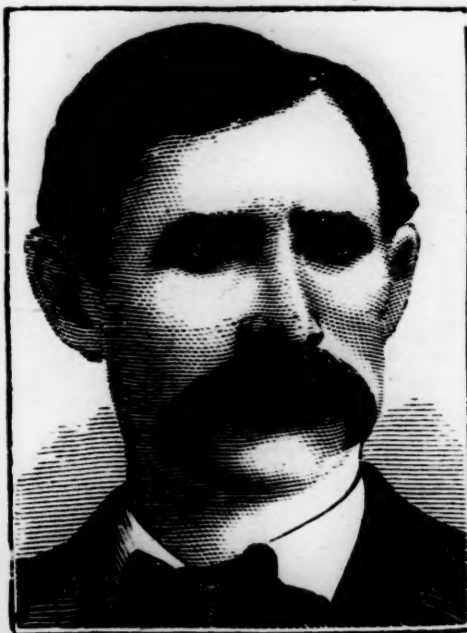
him has been discovered since, although detectives have been scouring the city for him.

De Merolla is one of the best known gentlemen in the Monumental City, being a member of the Maryland Club, a prominent member of the Cathedral church and president of the Italian Benevolent Society. It was he who was so instrumental in breaking up the padrone business in Baltimore, for which he received the thanks of the community, and to him more than to any one else may be ascribed the presence of so many Italian vessels in this harbor. The King of Italy only a short while ago decorated him for his material aid in improving the commerce between this and his native country. Into the prominent families

he was a welcome guest, and at all the fashionable affairs of the city he always took a most prominent part. He was the head of the large wholesale liquor and wine importing firm of E. De Merolla & Co., at No. 33 South Gay street.

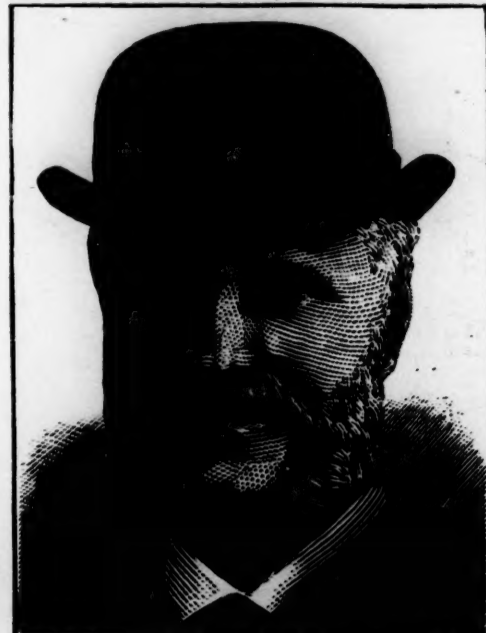
tendent of the Texas penitentiary, at Huntsville, to a newly arrived delegate: "You have the privilege of working at any trade you prefer."

"I'd like to keep on drivin' cattle to Kansas."



JERRY McAULEY,

THE EVANGELIST OF THE SLUMS OF NEW YORK, RECENTLY DECEASED.



SIGNOR DE MEROLLA,

THE VICE CONSUL WHO MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED FROM BALTIMORE, MD.

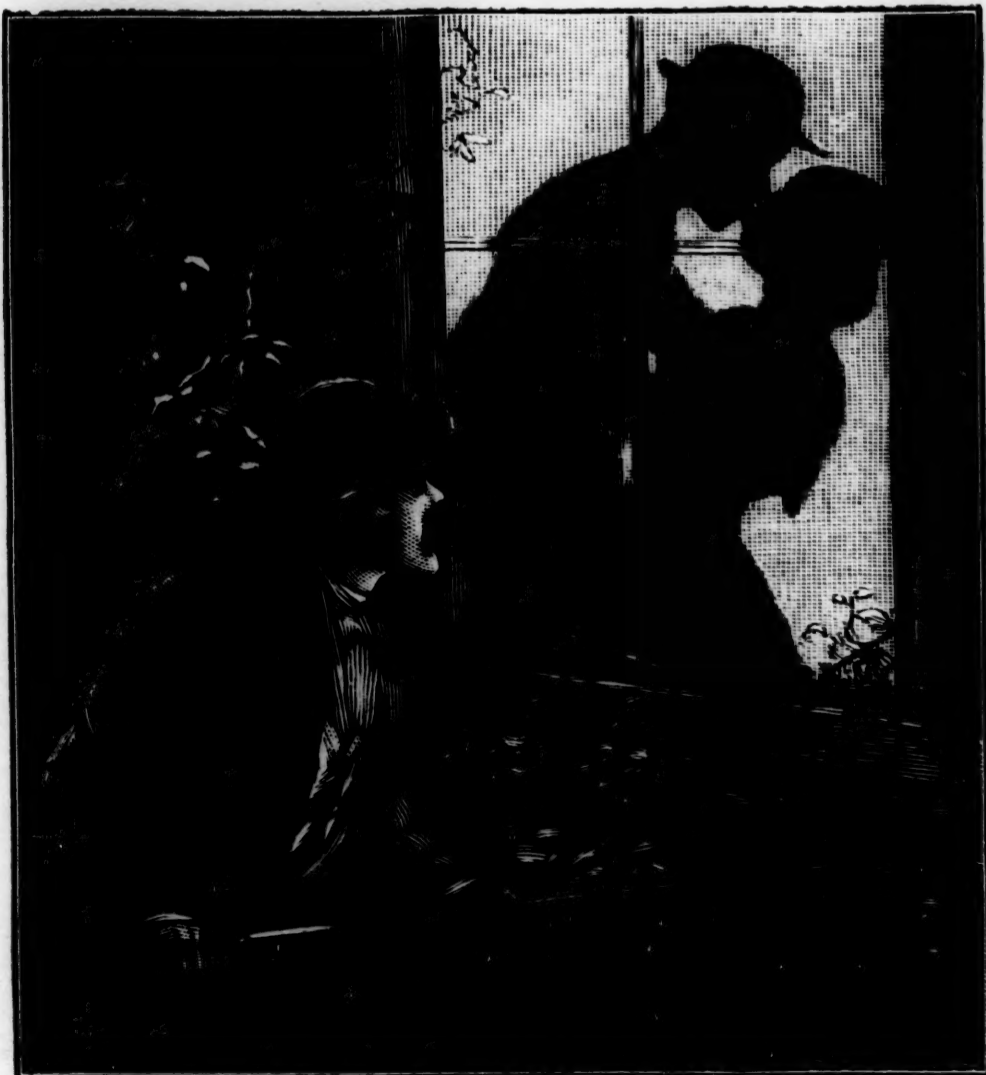


ELSON K. ROCKWELL,

CANDIDATE FOR SHERIFF OF OCEAN COUNTY, N. J., ARRESTED ON SUSPICION OF THE WAINWRIGHT MURDER.

His disappearance was kept a secret for several days when the facts leaked out. This was greatly intensified by the sheriff suing out attachments against his effects for numerous debts.

His friends claim that his absence is entirely due to his highly sensitive nature, which makes him desirous of avoiding for a short time his debtors, which an unfortunate pecuniary position makes it painful for him to meet. It is supposed that his entire liabilities will reach about \$30,000, with which he has not over \$2,000 to meet. Strange rumors of other causes leading to his disappearance began to be heard. His name is mixed up in a very embarrassing way with several ladies.



THE SHADOW ON THE CASEMENT.

THE PROOF OF A WIFE'S INFIDELITY REVEALED TO A DOUBTING HUSBAND AT ATLANTA, GA.



SHOWING THEM HOW TO DO IT.

NOW A CRANKY JOURNALIST AND FLATWRIGHT INSISTED ON REHEARSING THE CHORUS.

## A Race on Broadway.

Mr. Paul M. Potter is the foreign editor of the *Herald*, and as nimble on his pins as with his pen. In his off moments—when not “viewing with alarm” the internal discussions of Timbuctoo—he is to be found on the 22-lap track of John Wood’s gymnasium, running like a red-shank. He is thirty years old, of medium height, trim build and weighs 140 pounds—a fair weight for a good young man.

Mr. Ed. Flynn, the *Herald’s* managing editor, is also an athlete, but a wise one, who lets his antagonist do the running. He has a slight tendency to corpulence and to baldness, but he thought he could run from the *Herald* office to Grace Church in 45 minutes—if he tried.

“Forty-five minutes!” said Potter, with scorn; “I could do it in twelve.”

“Bet ye you can’t.”

“Done!”

So it came about that there was a motley crowd of about a hundred persons in the lamp glare outside the *Herald* building at a quarter to two one morning last week. Editors from all the papers were there, discussing the great Potter foot-race against time. Reporters off duty, compositors out of “copy,” three free-lunch fiends, a Fourth ward “growler worker,” and an assortment of tramps from the Battery were there also.

“Here he comes! Hooray!” shouted the crowd, as young Potter came out of the *Herald* office in his racing logs. Fast at his heels came the fiery Flynn, Sir Charles Coldstream Starks, and Night Editor O’Donnell, the latter carrying his \$400 watch in his hand.

Up the straight line of Broadway the electric lights glittered gayly. The sidewalks were bare. A *Herald* delivery wagon held the four judges, the umpire, the time-keeper, and two cabs were filled with admiring friends armed with Roman candles.

“Are you ready? Go!”

It was 2:07 A. M.

Never was such a race. The mob cheered as Potter dashed off like a greyhound, his arms gathered up professionally. The *Herald* wagon rattled, the cab horses almost galloped. The four judges yelled, the umpire shouted, the time-keeper, with one eye on his watch and the other on the runner, called time. As the wild cortege passed the court-house the admirers of Potter began firing Roman candles out of the cab windows.

Canal street was reached by Potter in 3½ minutes. He was running well, but the jump down and the jump up at the cross streets bothered him. After Canal street he had to breast the hill, and this told heavily upon him, but there was no lowering of his speed.

At Houston the time was 8½ minutes. The gait and the hill had told upon the runner. He was distressed and mopped his forehead with his hat, but he kept gamely on, and so did the cabs and the *Herald* wagon in their wild zig-zags to the accompaniment of fireworks, yells and encouraging shouts.

At Fourth street the time was 9 minutes. It was exciting. The white spire of

Grace was a block off. The race was to the center door. “Twelve minutes and fifteen seconds,” said Time-keeper O’Donnell, as Potter, steaming and tired, reached the goal after his mile and three-quarters run, a loser by a quarter of a minute.

A final cheer for Potter, a last splutter of the last Roman candle, and such of the party who had not to “see a man” downtown, drove up to the “Silver Grill,” and made merry until daylight toasting “Puck and Potter.” Flynn was very happy.

The doors were thrown open at 3:30 o’clock, and from that time until noon a great crowd of rich and poor and young and old surged into the little chapel and passed the coffin to take a last look at the familiar face. Women’s tears dropped on the coffin lid, and the young girls who had been saved by the dead man’s appeal lingered long gazing down at the face of their benefactor.

A brief funeral service was held in the chapel at noon. Dr. Robert S. McArthur, of the Calvary Baptist Church, conducted the services. He eulogized the work of the evangelist, and gave way to other clergymen, who praised the example left by the dead man.

Ragged boys and girls and women who came in late from evil haunts united their voices with those of the converts who sang the chorus. Fifty converts of the mission filled the ten carriages that followed the hearse to the Grand Central Depot. The body was buried near a grassy knoll in Woodlawn Cemetery. The converts stood in a circle round the grave, while one of their number read the short burial service. Young girls stooped down and planted flowers on the mound when the grave was filled.

The life of the man was a strange one. He was the son of Irish parents, and was a denizen of the Fourth ward in its worst days. Among his associates were river pirates and the lowest thieves of the quarter. He was arrested on a charge of robbery, of which he always claimed he was innocent, although admitting that he deserved punishment for other offenses. He was sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment. While confined in the jail he heard a man, who was spoken of as the wickedest man in town, tell how he had come to be converted and to reform. McAuley was greatly moved and made up his mind to go into the world a reformed man. First, however, he determined to serve out the whole of his term, although a pardon was proffered him. After leaving the prison he went among his old associates, but in a missionary capacity, and turned his attention to the low resorts and abandoned characters of the Fourth ward. His work was so satisfactory that he was assisted to procure the little mission house in Water street, where service was regularly held. Then, believing that he could be of more avail up town, he opened the mission in Thirty-second street, in charge of which he ended his life.

As the lynchers placed the rope about his neck the trembling victim said: “Gentlemen, if you will allow me one word of explanation I am sure you would spare my life.” “You tried to wreck a train, didn’t you?” “Yes, but—” “Ripped up a whole length of track, didn’t you?” “I did, but—” “Knew there were people on the train who might be killed, didn’t you?” “Yes, but—” “Well, but what?” “Why, you see there was one of those fellows that go through the train taking presidential votes and—” “Why in thunder didn’t you say so? Boys, take off the rope and give him a drink out of our bottle.”



A RACE AGAINST TIME ON BROADWAY.

EDITOR PAUL M. POTTER'S EARLY MORNING SPIN FROM OLD ST. PAUL'S TO GRACE CHURCH.

## The Ex-Convict Revivalist.

The funeral of Jerry McAuley took place on Monday, Sept. 22. The face of the dead revivalist lay exposed to view during the morning in the coffin at the foot of his old reading desk in the Cremorne Mission. Fresh flowers were heaped beside the coffin and in the little chair he was wont to sit in as he led his missionary meetings. Above the reading desk, written in crimson letters, were the revivalist's dying words, “It's all right.”

other offenses. He was sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment. While confined in the jail he heard a man, who was spoken of as the wickedest man in town, tell how he had come to be converted and to reform. McAuley was greatly moved and made up his mind to go into the world a reformed man. First, however, he determined to serve out the whole of his term, although a pardon was proffered him. After leaving the prison he went among his old associates, but in a missionary capacity, and turned his attention to the low resorts and abandoned characters of the Fourth ward. His work was so satisfactory that he was assisted to procure the little mission house in Water street, where service was regularly held. Then, believing that he could be of more avail up town, he opened the mission in Thirty-second street, in charge of which he ended his life.



REST FOR THE WEARY.

THE FUNERAL OF JERRY McAULEY, THE EVANGELIST OF THE SLUMS, FROM THE CREMORNE MISSION, THIRTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK.



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

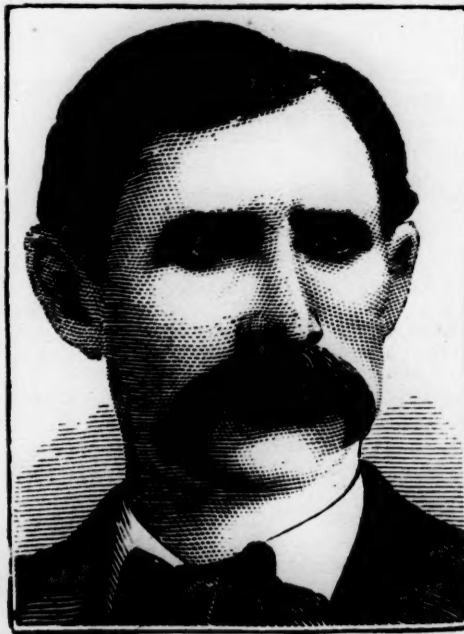
CORA DANKA.

[Photo by John Wood.]

## A Missing Italian Consul.

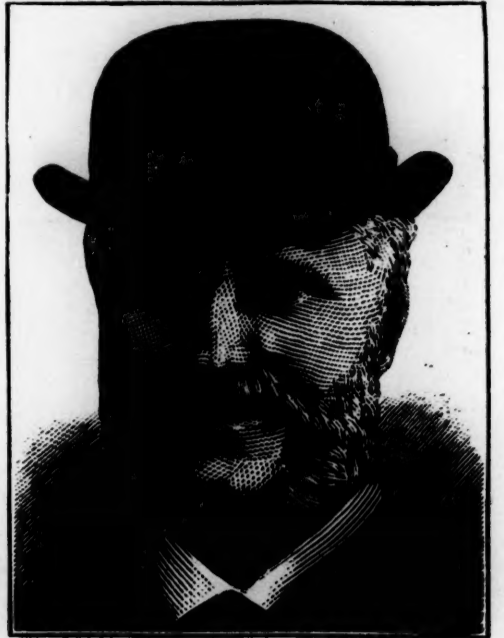
A sensation has been created in Baltimore by the announcement that E. De Merolla, Vice-Consul to Italy and Turkey, and one of the

most prominent social features of the city, had disappeared, leaving his affairs in a very embarrassing condition. He left his boarding-house on the morning of Sept. 1, taking with him only a light hand-satchel, and no trace of



JERRY MCAULEY,

THE EVANGELIST OF THE SLUMS OF NEW YORK, RECENTLY DECEASED.



SIGNOR DE MEROLLA,

THE VICE CONSUL WHO MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED FROM BALTIMORE, MD.

him has been discovered since, although detectives have been scouring the city for him.

De Merolla is one of the best known gentlemen in the Monumental City, being a member of the Maryland Club, a prominent member of the Cathedral church and president of the Italian Benevolent Society. It was he who was so instrumental in breaking up the padrone business in Baltimore, for which he received the thanks of the community, and to him more than to any one else may be ascribed the presence of so many Italian vessels in this harbor. The King of Italy only a short while ago decorated him for his material aid in improving the commerce between this and his native country. Into the prominent families

he was a welcome guest, and at all the fashionable affairs of the city he always took a most prominent part. He was the head of the large wholesale liquor and wine importing firm of E. De Merolla & Co., at No. 33 South Gay street.



ELSON K. ROCKWELL,

CANDIDATE FOR SHERIFF OF OCEAN COUNTY, N. J., ARRESTED ON SUSPICION OF THE WAINWRIGHT MURDER.

His disappearance was kept a secret for several days when the facts leaked out. This was greatly intensified by the sheriff suing out attachments against his effects for numerous debts.

His friends claim that his absence is entirely due to his highly sensitive nature, which makes him desirous of avoiding for a short time his debtors, which an unfortunate pecuniary position makes it painful for him to meet. It is supposed that his entire liabilities will reach about \$30,000, with which he has not over \$2,000 to meet. Strange rumors of other causes leading to his disappearance began to be heard. His name is mixed up in a very embarrassing way with several ladies.

SAID the superintendent of the Texas penitentiary, at Huntsville, to a newly arrived delegate: "You have the privilege of working at any trade you prefer."

"I'd like to keep on drivin' cattle to Kansas."



THE SHADOW ON THE CASEMENT.

THE PROOF OF A WIFE'S INFIDELITY REVEALED TO A DOUBTING HUSBAND AT ATLANTA, GA.



SHOWING THEM HOW TO DO IT.

NOW A CRANKY JOURNALIST AND FLATWRIGHT INSISTED ON REHEARSING THE CHORUS.

## A Race on Broadway.

Mr. Paul M. Potter is the foreign editor of the *Herald*, and as nimble on his pins as with his pen. In his off moments—when not “viewing with alarm” the internal discussions of Timbuctoo—he is to be found on the 22-lap track of John Wood’s gymnasium, running like a red-shank. He is thirty years old, of medium height, trim build and weighs 140 pounds—a fair weight for a good young man.

Mr. Ed. Flynn, the *Herald’s* managing editor, is also an athlete, but a wise one, who lets his antagonist do the running. He has a slight tendency to corpulence and to baldness, but he thought he could run from the *Herald* office to Grace Church in 45 minutes—if he tried.

“Forty-five minutes!” said Potter, with scorn; “I could do it in twelve.”

“Bet you can’t.”

“Done!”

So it came about that there was a motley crowd of about a hundred persons in the lamp glare outside the *Herald* building at a quarter to two one morning last week. Editors from all the papers were there, discussing the great Potter foot-race against time. Reporters off duty, compositors out of “copy,” three free-lunch fiends, a Fourth ward “growler worker,” and an assortment of tramps from the Battery were there also.

“Here he comes! Hooray!” shouted the crowd, as young Potter came out of the *Herald* office in his racing toga. Fast at his heels came the fiery Flynn, Sir Charles Coldstream Starks, and Night Editor O’Donnell, the latter carrying his \$400 watch in his hand.

Up the straight line of Broadway the electric lights glittered gayly. The sidewalks were bare. A *Herald* delivery wagon held the four judges, the umpire, the time-keeper, and two cabs were filled with admiring friends armed with Roman candles.

“Are you ready? Go!”

It was 2:07 A. M.

Never was such a race. The mob cheered as Potter dashed off like a greyhound, his arms gathered up professionally. The *Herald* wagon rattled, the cab horses almost galloped. The four judges yelled, the umpire shouted, the time-keeper, with one eye on his watch and the other on the runner, called time. As the wild cortege passed the court-house the admirers of Potter began firing Roman candles out of the cab windows.

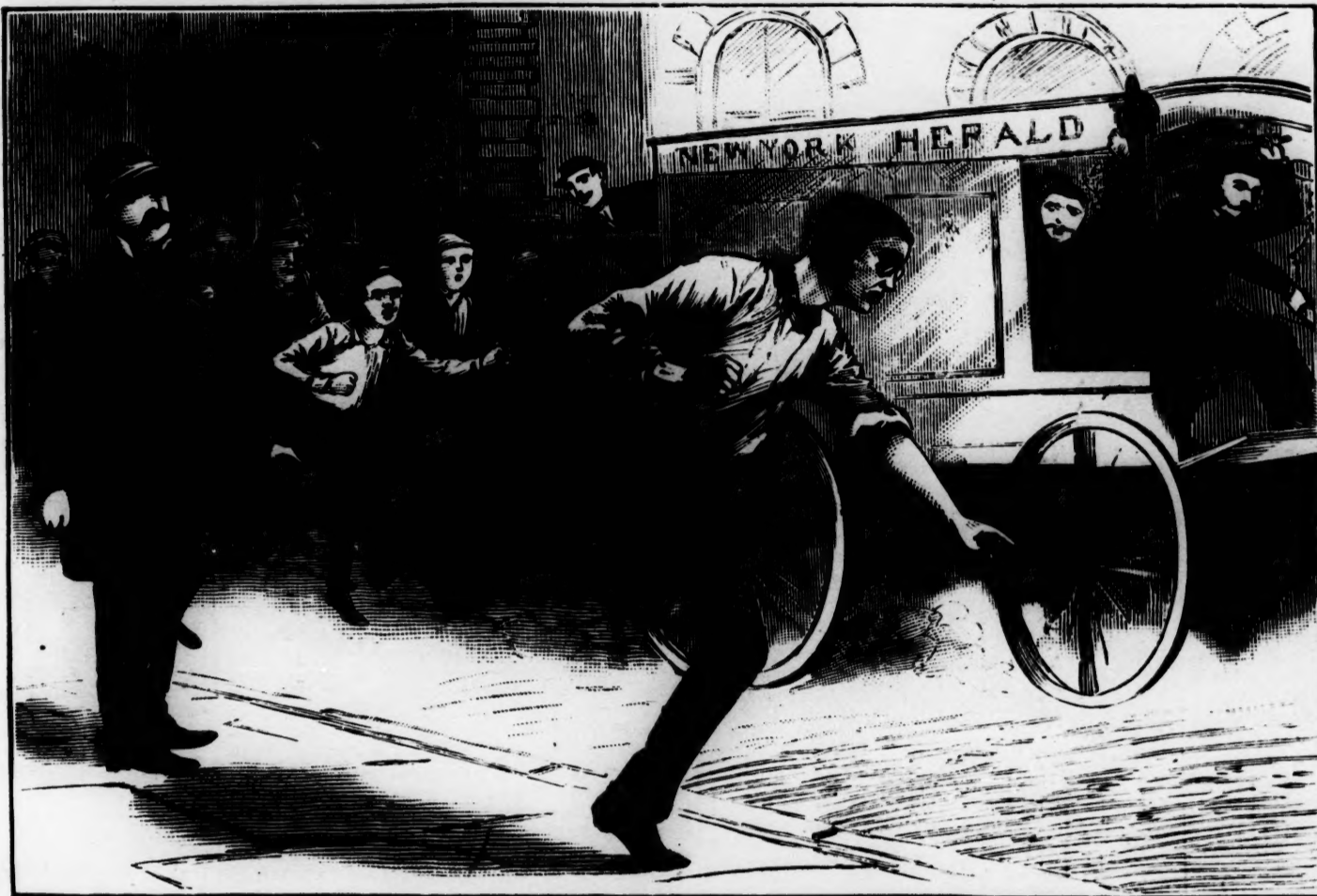
Canal street was reached by Potter in 3½ minutes. He was running well, but the jump down and the jump up at the cross streets bothered him. After Canal street he had to breast the hill, and this told heavily upon him, but there was no lowering of his speed.

At Houston the time was 8½ minutes. The gait and the hill had told upon the runner. He was distressed and mopped his forehead with his hat, but he kept gamely on, and so did the cabs and the *Herald* wagon in their wild zig-zags to the accompaniment of fireworks, yells and encouraging shouts.

At Fourth street the time was 9 minutes. It was exciting. The white spire of

Grace was a block off. The race was to the center door. “Twelve minutes and fifteen seconds,” said Time-keeper O’Donnell, as Potter, steaming and tired, reached the goal after his mile and three-quarters run, a loser by a quarter of a minute.

A final cheer for Potter, a last splutter of the last Roman candle, and such of the party who had not to “see a man” down town, drove up to the “Silver Grill,” and made merry until daylight toasting “Puck and Potter.” Flynn was very happy.



A RACE AGAINST TIME ON BROADWAY.

EDITOR PAUL M. POTTER'S EARLY MORNING SPIN FROM OLD ST. PAUL'S TO GRACE CHURCH.

## The Ex-Convict Revivalist.

The funeral of Jerry McAuley took place on Monday, Sept. 22. The face of the dead revivalist lay exposed to view during the morning in the coffin at the foot of his old reading desk in the Cremorne Mission. Fresh flowers were heaped beside the coffin and in the little chair he was wont to sit in as he led his missionary meetings. Above the reading desk, written in crimson letters, were the revivalist's dying words. “It's all right.”

other offenses. He was sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment. While confined in the jail he heard a man, who was spoken of as the wickedest man in town, tell how he had come to be converted and to reform. McAuley was greatly moved and made up his mind to go into the world a reformed man. First, however, he determined to serve out the whole of his term, although a pardon was proffered him. After leaving the prison he went among his old associates, but in a missionary capacity, and turned his attention to the low resorts and abandoned characters of the Fourth ward. His work was so satisfactory that he was assisted to procure the little mission house in Water street, where service was regularly held. Then, believing that he could be of more avail up town, he opened the mission in Thirty-second street, in charge of which he ended his life.

As the lynchers placed the rope about his neck the trembling victim said:

“Gentlemen, if you will allow me one word of explanation I am sure you would spare my life.”

“You tried to wreck a train, didn't you?”

“Yes, but—”

“Ripped up a whole length of track, didn't you?”

“I did, but—”

“Knew there were people on the train who might be killed, didn't you?”

“Yes, but—”

“Well, but what?”

“Why, you see there was one of those fellows that go through the train taking presidential votes and—”

“Why in thunder didn't you say so? Boys, take off the rope and give him a drink out of our bottle.”



REST FOR THE WEARY.

THE FUNERAL OF JERRY M'AULEY, THE EVANGELIST OF THE SLUMS, FROM THE CREMORNE MISSION, THIRTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK.

## ROUNDAABOUT.

### THE RESULT OF ONE DAY'S WORK WITH A JOURNALISTIC HOOK AND BASKET.

The Child of the Dives--The Outcast Musician--The Crooked Colonel--The Three Graces--Captain Williams as a Disperser--Frank Spinola's Rival.

#### THE CHILD OF THE DIVES

Is, alas, a new and alarming character in our New York society. Once seen, the pitiable shame, the hopeless misery of her lot are not easily forgotten. Other little girls of her age are pondering their lessons for the morrow in the quiet of pure and happy homes, or their mother's good-night kisses, still tingling on their fresh, young cheeks, have cuddled into their white, snug beds and folded their tired eyelids like flowers which close at evening. But the child of the dives--not a year older--perhaps only a week ago their playmate and the partner of their simple little joys and sorrows--how different her occupation, her plight, her surroundings. She is neither child nor woman, but a horrible, repulsive monster--an anomaly, from which all decent observers shrink in disgust as much as in pity. The fresh roses of her cheeks--they were there only last month--have faded and gone. In their place glares a beetle flush of rouge, under which the hot, excited, early-poisoned blood throbs and circulates. The caress of her mother's hand never smoothed her hair in its present fashion. The unutterable, unspeakable coarseness and vulgarity of the



scene has even taken possession of that. Her dress is the badge of the infamous trade into which she has been so cruelly and so basely flung. It is the suggestive garb of the common harlot. It announces that she has achieved with her first footstep the last stage of a prostitute's career. As she staggers across the sanded floor, her eyes unnaturally bright and her young figure strained in every curve and undulation, there rings in her ears such unceasing villainy of speech as she never even dreamed of a few short weeks ago. The men who surround her and to whose grossest and beastliest appetites she is the minister, load the air with their indecencies. A brazen smile that hideously mars her young face is the only reply, the only protest of which she is already capable. A child in years, her intimacy with all the aspects and all the dialects of crime is deeper and more cynical than that of the police. The station-house is already yawning for her, the charity hospital is grimly awaiting a later stage of her career, and at the end of the short and noisome vista which confronts her for her destiny one sees the sullen grave-digger of Potters' Field leaning on his dingy spade in dark and impatient expectation of the inevitable hour when he shall conceal her carrion corpse from the loathing of her kind in the long, nameless trench which the city provides for its unfriended dead.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children never undertook a more admirable or a more vitally necessary task than that in which it has recently embarked. Vice was bad enough and bold enough when it reached out its hand to grasp the



young lads and silly girls who are the recruits of the Grand Army of Debauchery and Dissipation. But its crimes and its aggressions have recently become intolerable. Creatures so young that they cannot understand the conditions and the consequences of the crimes they are induced to commit, are eagerly sought and speedily ruined by the minions of infamy. One shudders at the sight of a young woman who has deliberately gone wrong with all her wits about her. But a cold, sickening horror grips the heart when one sees degradation and destruction open their doors to chil-

ren whose innocence would protect them from the assaults of the very arch-fiend himself.

#### THE PIANIST OF THE DIVES

He is one of the most pitiable, often one of the most contemptible of the base and outlawed wretches who help fill in the chinks of this multifarious community. Years ago he began his career flushed with hope, throbbing with ambition. Every prospect, perhaps, seemed full of rosy promise. Devoted to his art, eager to achieve distinction among its masters, full of the simple, innocent fervor which most of all characterizes your musician, he would have shrunk in terror from the picture of his fate had it been shown him. Now a drunken, homeless, dirty vagabond, consorting--if with any--with the vilest and most despicable of the she-thieves, who pretend to be merry with his music, and who, under cover of it, commit their robberies and poisonings, he sits at the wrecked and forlorn instrument he plays so steeped in drink that his very fingers are numb at first. As the fired blood begins its round in his veins, and as the shrieking dissonance of the piano recalls, hideously and vaguely, like a nightmare, the sounds of his purer and happier and hopeful past, the indignity and humiliation of his aspect begin to vanish. The sacred influence of his art begins to redeem his rum sodden face from its complexion of foul, dishonorable, bestial decay. All at once, as his eyes kindle and grow soft and moist, as his lips grow tremulous and tender fancies begin to troop through his awakening brain, the shriek of a drunken harlot, or the wild and furious oath of a resentful drunkard, puts at once to flight the soothing, consolatory dream and reminds him once more that he is only "the pianist of the dives."

#### A RIVAL OF FRANK SPINOLA

Jefferson Market Court laughed itself tired the other morning at the appearance and bearing of a man whom Officer Shields had captured in Fifth Avenue. The



prisoner entered the court in a summer suit. He carried a tall white hat and a gold-headed cane. It could be noticed that he wore his vest inside out, but what sent the Court into fits of laughter was his collar. It was composed of a pair of cuffs fastened with a pair of diamond studs. He gave his address as the Brighton Hotel. Asked by the Judge to account for himself, he delivered a long harangue about Greeks, and Romans and Muscovites. Asked if he had any friends here or in Ireland, he said yes. The old country was very friendly to him; at least, he was friendly to the old country. He finished his harangue, saying, "Well, officer, I'll bid you good morning." "Oh, not yet," said Justice Patterson, "we will send an officer along with you." "Ay, please do, Judge, and I'll give him a quarter. Good-by, Judge."

He was committed to the Commissioners of Charities and Correction.

There are gangs and gangs--from the "tough," half-starved, half-clad, wholly voracious, lawless and desperate wretches who lurk like wild beasts in the rocky lairs of Shantytown to the well-fed, well-dressed and audacious scoundrels who infest the upper part of Broadway and make the neighborhood of the hotels offensive, and, sometimes, positively dangerous to women and young girls as they go by.

The corner of Twenty-eighth street is particularly infested by these social jackals. In the immediate vicinity are various gambling halls, for which they "cap," or with which they are otherwise officially connected. At nightfall they sink to their dens and begin the practice of their lawless trade. In the daytime, turning out of their beds at noon, as they do, they air themselves on Broadway as if to parade their opulent and successful rascality.



#### THE CROOKED COLONEL

One of these men is a noted character even among his confederates. He was a confederate colonel, and has family connections of the highest social grade. The war left him penniless--and he deliberately embarked on a career of crime and ill repute. He is one of the partners in a well-known and particularly unscrupulous "brace" game, and, thanks to his benign and well-

bred appearance, is the very best and most successful "roper-in" in New York. He wears a full white beard. Thanks to good eating and good drinking, his face is a very emblem of health and luxury. He dresses in the height--not in the extreme--of fashion, smokes the most expensive cigars, and would easily pass in any society for a professional man. He boasts that he has been the witness of at least two murders and is personally accused of committing one. He consorts exclusively with thieves and forgers, and belongs, if any one does, to that mysterious organization, "the criminal class." He is "crooked" from the sole of his shapely foot to the crown of his well-poised head, and ought to be cropped and shaved in the quarries of Sing Sing instead of figuring as a chartered libertine "prowl" down Broadway.

#### THE THREE GRACES

There are three gamblers and blacklegs belonging to this "swell gang" who are called "The Three Graces." They are inseparable, and a certain family resemblance makes them as remarkable as if they were



three brothers. They are horribly thin--and thinness, by the way, is always associated on the stage, if nowhere else, with the craftiest and most ingenious incarnations of crime. They dress in the height of fashion, and it is a wonder where they get their clothes and how they pay for them. Their arrogance is something wonderful. As they loaf upon the corner or strut down Broadway they look and act as if they were the sons of millionaires, whereas they are nothing else, in fact, than three of the most despicable, most thievish, most utterly contemptible "brace" gamblers in New York. Decent women shrink from them instinctively, and fast women regard them with an admiration which is as disgusting as it is obvious.

#### "CHEESE IT! THE COP!"

It is curious to observe the effect that Capt. Williams' presence has on this "Gambler Gang." He makes it a point to pass them twice every day--once about 6 o'clock at night, and again near midnight. The same panoply is enacted by the gang every night for a year or so. They are in full feather about 6 o'clock, as that is the hour when Broadway is crowded with women of every sort, from working girls to heiresses. The gang swarms all over them,



makes the sidewalk slippery with tobacco-juice, blows the smoke of strong cigars into the faces of the crowd, and stares at the women impudently. They own Broadway until one of them discovers the tall form of Capt. Williams swinging up Broadway. Then there is a transformation scene. Those nearest the door of the Brower House slide inside, others put their heads together and pretend to be talking quietly, and the rest scuttle off in the four directions of the streets. The captain usually stops for a minute and looks around. Then he goes on, and in a few minutes the gang is at its work again.

#### THE WORLD OF SPORT.

##### [Subject of Illustration.]

The full of outdoor sports during the past week was perceptible. It bodes well, however, for the immediate future on the principle that a dense stillness precedes a hurricane.

Our first sketch represents the baseball members of the theatrical colony of Mount St. Clements, in Michigan. They are so lazy that they play the national game sitting on comfortable chairs.

The second illustration is of the catamaran race in New York Bay, in which no less than three of these uncapable vessels were vigorously and thoroughly upset, and which was won by the Hennes, which sailed 35 miles in 4 hours and 22 minutes.

The extraordinary little girl billiard-player who is "working" some of the Western cities, is represented in our third illustration.

Sketch number four represents the wrestling match at Lawrence between McLaughlin and Decker.

The fifth sketch shows the uproar at Belmont Park, over the collision which wrecked the sulky of Microphone and led to a couple of disgraceful fist-fights between well-known drivers.

The sixth and last illustration depicts Jockey McLaughlin looking back as Miss Woodford drew away from Drake Carter in their famous match.

## A FEMALE FOOTPAD.

The Latest Danger That Attends Travel on the Elevated Road.

##### [Subject of Illustration.]

Mr. Holse, an up town resident, a few nights ago was about to ascend the stairs of the Chatham square station of the Third Avenue Elevated Road, at the Bowery and Division street, when a pretty young woman approached him and threw her arms about him, exclaiming:

"Oh, Willie! what kept you so long?"

The astonished man drew back and said:

"Get away. I don't know you. Don't be so bold."

She clutched him again, and he shook her off. Not to be baffled, she seized him again, but only to be shaken off once more.

"Go for him, John," she cried, and a young man who had hidden himself behind the stairs dashed from his ambush and seized Holse, and held him like a vice. The young woman ran to her confederate's aid and coolly proceeded to rifle Holse's pockets. The latter, who had made a gallant fight up to this point, began to cry for help.

The young woman touched Holse's breast and felt the well-filled pocket-book. She put her hand into the victim's breast-pocket and pulled out a knotted silk handkerchief, which she supposed contained the wallet.

This she handed to her companion. They began to realize that help was at hand, and when they found that they had been balked, they again attacked Holse, whose renewed cries for assistance had brought Sergt. Creedon to the scene.

The robbers tried to escape, but the gallant sergeant grabbed them and brought them to the Eldridge Street Station. The man said he was John Howard, aged twenty-five years, and the young woman was registered as Mrs. Lucy Howard, aged twenty years. The prisoners said that they resided in a hotel on the Bowery.

#### ALFRED LAKELAND.

##### [With Portrait.]

Mr. Lakeland first made his appearance on the turf in 1869, when he started to ride under the able instructions of Tom Pattinson, a great trainer in his day. This was at Mobile, in the stable of Capt. Cotter, of that place, where he rode and won more long races than any jockey in the country. At New Orleans, with the famous racer, Sally Watson, he rode some remarkable races, making 43½ in two heats. In the spring of '73 he was victorious in several important events at Lexington. In the same year Lakeland rode the winner of the Pickwick stakes at New Orleans. At Jerome Park he won the Ladies' stakes and other good races. At Monmouth Park he was successful in his riding the winning horse in the West End Hotel, and other important events. After this, Lakeland became too heavy for flat-races and took to riding jumpers for Col. Jim Nelligan, with considerable success. About this time his brother, William, returned from San Francisco, after winning the great \$30,000 stakes with Forrest. William began buying up racing stock. The first horse he bought was Gen. Harney, which was trained by the two brothers, who now became partners in a racing stable, and which won three races out of five. Alfred Lakeland has started in for himself this season to keep a public stable, at Brighton Beach race-track, where he has several fine animals under his care. He is an experienced trainer and knows every part of the business, even to shoeing and plating horses, which he has done himself for several years past in the most successful manner.

#### WHALING A WHIP.

##### [Subject of Illustration.]

Johnny Murphy, the well-known and very popular track rider, encountered an extremely disagreeable experience last week. He left Gabe Case's hotel at half-past nine o'clock, in a light wagon behind his old blind mare Atlanta, to go to his home at One Hundred and Sixty-fourth street and Morris avenue. While crossing the bridge over Crammel's creek he called upon the driver of a lumbering stage-coach that was ahead of him to turn out and let him pass. The stage-coach did not accommodate him, so he whipped past it at some risk of collision. The men in the coach swore at him, and he reined up to answer them.

Immediately three men jumped down from the coach and ran up to him. They pulled him off his seat and beat him unmercifully. Some women who happened along in a carriage screamed for help. Their cries were heard by three mounted policemen, who dashed up and arrested Mr. Murphy's assailants. They took also a man they found in the coach.

The policemen took the prisoners and Murphy to the High Bridge station. There Murphy was attended by Dr. Ferguson, and was then sent home. The prisoners were locked up. They said they were John P. Hesch, of One Hundred and Fifty-seventh street and Courtland avenue; Charles S. Hesch, of One Hundred and Fifty-ninth street and Elton avenue; Henry Schneider, of One Hundred and Fifty-ninth street and Elton avenue, and Jacob G. Bahr, of One Hundred and Sixtieth street and Elton avenue. All were a little intoxicated.

#### A RELIGIOUS CRANK.

On Saturday, Sept. 13, the citizens of Conyers, Ga., learned that the cemetery had been laid waste--tombstones overturned, flowers and shrubbery pulled up, and the graves otherwise desecrated. Every effort was made to discover the perpetrator of the sacrilege, but no clue could be found. Saturday night the people were aroused from their beds by the alarm of fire and found the Methodist church in flames. It burned to the ground. The next night the fiend renewed his work and set fire to a number of dwellings. Owing to the close watch over the town these fires were discovered and extinguished before any great damage was done. At 9 o'clock a person was discovered applying a lighted torch to a fence. A posse of men started for him, when he ran. A volley was fired at him which brought him to the ground. He rose immediately, and fired twice, saying: "I will kill the first man who comes near me." The men rushed upon him and captured him before he succeeded in doing any harm. He was then discovered to be Thomas Marston, a member of one of the most respectable families in the town. He had always borne an excellent character, and was quiet and inoffensive. It was found that several of the bullets had struck him, one entering his stomach, which will probably prove fatal. It was noted that at the burning of the church, which he now admits to have fired, he was present, and was one of the most active in the efforts to put out the fire.

## TOM'S RIVER'S TRAGEDY.

## James Wainwright's Murdered Body Found in the Swamps.

## The Social Life of Dwellers in the Jersey Pines—A Candidate for Sheriff Accused of Murder.

[With Illustration and Portrait.]

The body of James Wainwright, a well-known character of the neighborhood of Tom's River, N. J., was found murdered on Sept. 21, not far from the rude building he called his home. The discovery was made in a dreary spot, never visited, save at rare intervals by hunters. Swamps extend back from the creek on both sides. Cedar trees which line the banks lean over and cross each other, making a shade at noon-day, and the creek is filled with sunken cedar logs and snags which have lain years in the water. The searchers had separated so as to approach each other from above and below, and they met at an obstruction in the middle of the stream. It was a pile of logs, earth and driftwood.

One of the searchers stepped on a small log. It moved, and he rolled it over. As he did so, the naked body of Wainwright was revealed. It had been wedged under the drift, and the log laid on to keep it under water. No one could have approached the spot directly from either side of the creek through the tangled gum cedars and nettled brambles. A boat could not move ten feet up or down stream among the sunken logs.

The coroner, John Klipple, went for the body and removed it. Wainwright, with his wife, a daughter, Emeline, twenty-two years old, and three sons, George, twenty years old, Charles, seventeen, and Hooper, a little boy, lived in a story and a half frame house surrounded by a little patch of ground on an untraveled road.

Dense woods of scrub oak and pine stretch away from the house on every side. Wainwright was born in Tom's River fifty-eight years ago, went into the Union army two years before the war ended, and remained until it closed. Since his return home he has worked at odd jobs in summer and hunted for coons, muskrat, and mink, for their skins, in winter. He was inoffensive and of a social disposition. Between himself and his wife, however, there was a misunderstanding, arising, it is said, from jealousy of his wife, who is not above suspicion. He ate, it is said, at a table apart from the rest of the family. On Monday morning, Sept. 15, he started from home shortly after 6 o'clock with his scythe on his shoulder and pipe in his mouth to mow ex-Sheriff B. F. Rumack's front yard in Tom's River. As he passed through the barnyard, where his son, George Wainwright, was milking the cow, he told him that he had better stay home and look after the cow, which was sick, and then passed on into the oak thicket.

He had been gone but a few minutes when George heard a gunshot followed by a groan, in which he says he believed he recognized his father's voice. After an interval of a minute a second shot echoed through the woods. George picked up his pail of milk, went into the house, and asked his sister, Emeline, if she heard the shots and groans. She heard the shots, she said, but not the groans. Nothing was done by them in the way of investigation. Tuesday passed and Wednesday came, and yet none of the family stirred to investigate the cause of Wainwright's unaccountable disappearance. He never remained away from home over night without telling them of his plans. On Wednesday George went to ex-Sheriff Clayton Robbins' house, but he said nothing about his father's disappearance. Mr. Robbins told him that two of his (Wainwright's) cousins had come to town, and wanted to see his father. George said he had not seen his father since Monday, but he said nothing about hearing the shots and groans. Mr. Robbins was an old friend of Wainwright's, and, fearing that he had met with an accident, sent messengers to Wainwright's, but they met with indifferent replies. On Thursday a searching party searched the woods around Wainwright's house. He had taken an old wagon road leading half a mile through the woods to the main thoroughfare leading to Tom's River. In the edge of the underbrush his pipe was picked up. A little further a pile of leaves were kicked aside, and there was revealed the plain impression of a man's head and shoulders. On the dead oak leaves and pine needles were blood-stains.

From this spot near the old road the twigs and leaves were trampled, bent and smeared with blood, as if the body had been dragged along by a man who lifted the head and shoulders as he walked. For 300 feet the eager crowd followed the trail until it crossed the road to a wagon track. There the ground was soaked with blood. The wagon had been driven into the woods from the Tom's River road, and an ax had been used to clear away the oat saplings that barred its course. A new course had been taken in going back to the main road, and the ax had again been freely used. At the main road the track could not be distinguished from others, and that part of the hunt was given up. Wainwright's hat was found rolled up and thrown into a swamp, near to which the body had been dragged, and not far from it lay his scythe, with a few drops of blood on it.

Suspicion fell first on J. H. Metzel, a neighbor of Wainwright's. Metzel, it was alleged by Wainwright, shot two of Wainwright's hounds not long ago, and it was thought that the men had quarreled. A corner of Metzel's property lies a few yards from the scene of the murder. He was arrested, and before Police Justice Havens he showed that he was with a cranberry-picking party near Tom's River. Then Charles and George Wainwright were arrested. The brothers were soon discharged, there being no evidence to warrant their detention.

Wainwright was accustomed to carry considerable money with him, and it is known that on the Saturday before he was killed he had about \$50 in his pocket. Some thought that might have been the motive for the murder, while others believed that Wainwright's family troubles might have been at the bottom of the mystery.

Suspicion then fell on Constable E. K. Rockwell, a widower, and the Republican candidate for Sheriff, whose name had been coupled with that of Mrs. Wainwright some time ago, and he was arrested. People are loth to believe Rockwell guilty of the murder. Rockwell's father, when alive, owned many of the profitable cranberry marshes and was rich. Rockwell himself is well off. He was a member of the New

York Volunteer Fire Department. He is about forty-five years old, athletic, and nearly 6 feet tall, with gray-brown eyes and a long black beard streaked with gray. His face expresses much resolution. It was a question about whether he or Wainwright was the better hunter.

Rockwell told a reporter the history of Wainwright's jealousy, for which, he said, he had no ground. Nearly ten years ago, he said, his wife fell sick, and he secured Mrs. Wainwright's services as nurse and housekeeper. Mrs. Rockwell told Mrs. Wainwright she would be well rewarded by her if she recovered and by Mr. Rockwell if she died. Mrs. Rockwell died, and Mrs. Wainwright continued to care for the house and the two pretty little girls, now lovely young women. Then gossip about Mr. Rockwell and Mrs. Wainwright began. Wainwright believed it was true, and reproached Rockwell, who always replied that he would not have Mrs. Wainwright in his house if Wainwright insisted she should not be there. Mrs. Wainwright went home, but Rockwell continued to send his spring wagon for her when he wanted housework done. Wainwright's reproaches continued, but Rockwell told him his ears had been filled with gossips' chatter. Wainwright acknowledged that it was mere gossip, and not evidence, but he believed it. Finally, he threatened Rockwell on the street that he would shoot him at the first opportunity. Once he borrowed a pistol and carried it two years without making any demonstration. At last his threats had been forgotten by most people.

New developments led to the re-arrest of the Wainwright boys, and Mrs. Wainwright, her daughter Emeline, Jefferson Thompson, Jr., and Jefferson Thompson, Sr., were arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the affair. Mrs. Wainwright says she was not at home, but at the Magnolia Hotel, where she has been employed all summer, on the day her husband was shot. When she heard from Emeline, who visited her at the hotel on Wednesday, that her husband had disappeared, she supposed he had gone fishing, as he had talked a week before about going. He had visited at the hotel frequently, and was more friendly than usual. They had had frequent quarrels for four years on account of Wainwright's jealousy of Rockwell. Finally he refused to buy food and clothing for either her or the boys. The boys worked, and their exertions were relied on for her support. He bought his supplies at a different store in Tom's River from where they bought theirs. She would not cook his food. Emeline did that.

The coroner's investigation may clear up the mystery, but at present the village is divided into two factions—one believing that Rockwell is the guilty party and the other strongly intimating that his arrest is merely on account of political animosity.

## A TELL-TALE SHADOW.

[Subject of Illustration.]

"Call to-night; my husband will be gone. Call at 10 o'clock; come back way." This summons received, signed by Mrs. M. J. Jackson, wife of Thomas M. Jackson, one of the most prominent business men of Atlanta, electrified Willie McDonald, one of the city's glided youths. The couple had previously had a little handkerchief flirtation, but such a speedy fruition of his hope was not dreamed of by him. With bounding heart he jumped the back fence, passed through an arbor to the door, where a shower of kisses from Jackson's faithless wife greeted him. The doors were locked, the windows barred, and all within was rosy enjoyment.

While McDonald was scaling the back fence a figure followed him on the shady side of the lot. It was the injured husband. Mr. Jackson had reason to believe that his wife was much interested in McDonald. He played the decoy of a pretended journey only to arm himself and lay in wait for the despoiler of his home. Armed with a shotgun and revolver he slowly crept up to the chamber window. As he did so a shadow on the curtain revealed a sight which made his blood boil. Taking aim with his shotgun he fired. A quick scream of pain told him that his shot had taken effect. McDonald replied with two volleys from his revolver. Jackson ran hurriedly to the front door in order to greet McDonald on emerging. It was Mrs. Jackson, however, who appeared and received a deadly wound. She was followed by McDonald, who fired as he came out, but was laid low by another shot from Jackson.

The five children of the wounded woman, awakened by the firing, now ran out in their night-clothes and began gathering around their mother. The appearance of officers saved further trouble. The two men were carried to the station-house and the woman was taken into the house of a neighbor to die. The evidence goes to show that it was the woman's first fall. She had been smitten by McDonald's fine figure and paid a forfeit with her life. McDonald's wounds are not serious.

## CHEWED BY A CUR.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The ex-reverend George C. Miln is a gentleman who gave up the preaching of the gospel for the stage. He is said by those who have seen him in both capacities to be a rather worse actor than preacher. His favorite character is that of Hamlet, and the property men of the theatres in which he impersonates the melancholy Dane declare that when he grows powerful and vehement the ex-reverend gentleman consumes twice as much soap as any other actor on the stage. In Iowa, recently, Mr. Miln's performance so infuriated a very intelligent and discriminating dog belonging to one of the scene-handers, that it flew at his leg and amputated nearly three-quarters of a pound of saw-dust and silk stocking before its criticisms could be restrained.

## CORA D'ANKA.

[With Portrait.]

A good many women have tried their best to replace Adah Isaacs Menken as *Mazeppa*, but, so far, none of them has succeeded. To fill the eye with a compensation for Menken's departed charms, her successor should be of the most exquisite and voluptuous beauty. Everybody who has attempted the role since its creator died has been fat, gross, elderly and an object of derision instead of admiration. It only needs a glance at the portrait we publish of Mile. Cora d'Anka to realize that at last a really young and handsome girl has come forward to take the vacant place. There are too many corpulent and ungainly amazons and too few little and lovely women on the spectacular stage not to insure Mile. d'Anka a cordial and adoring welcome when she appears, as she will very soon, under the management of Mr. George L. Pendar.

## THE CHILDREN OF THE DIVES.

## A Graphic Sketch of the Life and Place From Which Kitty Cavanagh Was Rescued.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Cherry street dance-house from which little Kitty Cavanagh was rescued was in full blast, and a group of young women with decorated faces and banded bangs lolled around its doors when a POLICE GAZETTE reporter visited it. Blue-shirted and bronzed sailors went in and out and the sound of alleged music came from behind the swinging screens at the entrance. There were about a dozen rough men sitting on benches, and five girls, arrayed in tawdry finery, were standing up with their partners in the middle of the floor. A fat woman, with a hooked nose and square jaws, motioned to a fiddler and pianist and they began to play a waltz. The five girls laid their heads on their partners' shoulders and skated around the floor in a clumsy fashion for a little while. Then they all went to the bar and took a drink. A dispute arose between a girl in a polka-dot wrapper and a girl in short red skirts. The girl in red had a glass of beer thrown in her face. Her partner offered to "take it up" with the partner of the other girl, but the offended female contented herself by pulling a handful of store hair out of her rival's head. The air was filled with a torrent of billingsgate, and the woman with a hook-nose threw a beer-glass at the girl in red and declared that she was no lady. Then the dance was resumed.

Not more than ten feet from the den was a group of children, who sat on the curbstone and listened to the various and startling sounds which floated out from the bar-room. One of them was a handsome girl of about thirteen years.

The reporter strolled around the corner into Water street and entered a little saloon from which came a loud and unhappy scratching of catgut and the discordant twanging of a harp. It was a square room with a waxed floor and low ceiling. A fiddler and a harper sat with their backs against the curtained window, and at the other end of the place was a bar, behind which was a bright-eyed woman who kept fighting flies off from a permanently located piece of cheese.

Eight girls were executing a sort of war dance with a number of sailors. They were attired in skirts that could have been lengthened without doing violence to the prevailing fashions, and they wore tin coronets upon their brows. Each one had two strings of colored beads about her neck and enormous brass bracelets around her wrists. One of the girls was young and good looking. She did not seem to enjoy her position and was evidently not used to such scenes. All the others were haggard wrecks of female humanity. At each pause in the dance the bar was patronized.

While the reporter was wondering how great an influence such a place exerted upon the children of the poor who swarmed about the neighborhood the door opened and a little girl entered. She was about twelve years old, and was just tall enough to lift the big white pitcher she carried up to the bar counter. While the woman behind the bar was filling the pitcher with beer the child's eyes wandered about the room and the young women leered at her. She seemed to be attracted by the light and noise and excitement, for as she left the den she paused for a moment and looked back with a half-pleased look upon her innocent face.

## JACK CAVANAGH.

[With Portrait.]

Jack Cavanagh was born of Irish parents in Melbourne, Australia, Dec. 25, 1852. He stands 5 feet 4 inches in height and weighs 8 stone 4 pounds in condition. When quite young he traveled through Australia with the West Brothers as an acrobat. He made his first appearance in the ring, for a stake, in November, 1869, with Novice Cox, whom he defeated in a contest for £3 a side in seven rounds in 26 minutes. In December of the same year he beat Harry Hall for £4 a side, in twelve rounds in 35 minutes. January 15, 1870, he fought and beat Alf. Ball, for £3 a side, eleven rounds in 40 minutes. In the following May he beat Harry Hall for the second time, £4 a side, fifteen rounds, in 46 minutes. In December the same year he beat James Moran, at Ballarat, for a £10 purse, seventeen rounds in 38 minutes. On New Year's Day, 1871, met the noted Jim Barlow, 9 stone 5-pound man, for a purse of £20 on the Flemington race course, and after fighting eighty-four rounds, occupying 2 hours and 12 minutes, Cavanagh was declared the winner. This fight stamped him one of the cleverest light weights in the country, and at a benefit tendered to him shortly afterward, at Bill Cockbill's Athletic Hall, Melbourne, he challenged any man in the country at his weight, but failed to get on a match, so offered to meet Mike Williams, a 9-stone man, for £50 a side, but after a deal of wrangling the match fell through. In April, 1871, beat Bill Howard, a 12-stone man, in a room-fight, five rounds in 24 minutes. January, 1872, beat Jim Clifford, for a £10 purse, on the Flemington race course, twenty-one rounds in 55 minutes. In August of the same year beat Jim Perry, for £5 a side, ten rounds in 33 minutes. In the early part of 1873 he left Melbourne for the Queensland gold fields, and while at Brisbane was matched to fight Jack Thorn, a 10-stone man, for £15 a side. The mill came off on May 10, and after contesting twenty-five rounds in 1 hour and 10 minutes Cavanagh was declared the winner. He did not figure again in the prize ring until 1878 when he met Young Welsh in Melbourne for a £10 trophy, with gloves, fourteen rounds in 1 hour and 14 minutes, the contest being declared a draw. At an exhibition given by him the latter end of the year he offered to fight any light weight in the country.

January 1, 1877, at the opening of Thompson & Hicklen's Sparring Academy, met Joe Burch, the present light-weight champion of Victoria, Australia, with gloves, for a purse of £10, and fought nine rounds in 37 minutes, declared a draw, purse divided. He was next matched to fight Dan McMillan, a 10-stone man, who had beaten Andy Garbutt, Mike Williams and Jim Stewart, in quick time. They fought at the Royal Park, for £20 a side, and after fighting twenty-seven rounds in 1 hour and 4 minutes, the bets being 2 to 1 in Cavanagh's favor, the police arrested both parties. They were taken before the court and fined £10 each, and bound over to keep the peace for six months. He then challenged McMillan for another go, but McMillan declined. At Bilton & Newton's Athletic Hall, the following March, Cavanagh fought Dick Turpenny, a former pupil, for a £10 purse, seven rounds in 29 minutes, a draw—purse divided. Our hero left Melbourne, July, 1877, for India and England, and on the 14th of April, 1878, he made his only appearance in the prize ring in England, with Billy Thorpe, a

rough, weighing 10½ stone. They fought for £12 10s. a side on the banks of the Thames river below Woolwich, and after fighting thirteen rounds in 59 minutes, Thorpe cried enough. This was the last fight that this remarkable pugilist fought in the ring. He arrived in America in May, 1879, and now keeps the leading sporting house in Baltimore, Md. Attached to his saloon, is an athletic hall, with a 16-foot ring, a shooting-gallery, a rat-pit and the celebrated White Elephant picture-gallery, the most extensive of its kind in America. Athletic exhibitions are given every Saturday night by the pupils that Cavanagh is instructing in the art of self-defense.

## AN UNSATISFACTORY ANSWER TO THE PRAYERS OF THE CONGREGATION.

[Subject of Illustration.]

For three weeks not a drop of rain has fallen in the western part of Long Island. The corn has roasted in the ear. The cabbage-leaves have become sere and yellow. Wells have given out. The celebrated lakes near some of the summer boarding-houses have dried up. In a few districts the water has entirely disappeared, and many families have relied for several weeks on apple-jack. In other districts there is not enough water to mellow the whisky, and the number of toppers has so increased that in one town the electric lights have not been used since the second week of the drought. It is estimated that St. John has lost 1,200 votes in Long Island since water became scarce there, and among those who have gone over to the enemy are several electors on the Prohibition national ticket.

Last Sunday was appointed by the pious farmer folk of the western part of the island as a day of prayer for rain. In scores of churches, in villages and at the cross-roads the ministers and their devout congregations prayed earnestly for rain. In the Episcopal churches the prayer for rain was read from the Prayer-book of the church.

In Suffolk county, where the drought has been so severe that the fences are said to be warped by it, the Rev. Circus Maximus, who at present has charge of the colored Hallelujah Baptist church at Bethlehem, announced that he would pray for rain on the coming Sunday and invited his congregation to join with him. His colored flock came to church carrying umbrellas and oil-skin cloaks. Others who came in wagons brought boats with them. The Rev. Circus Maximus, who was five minutes late, entered the pulpit wearing a pair of rubber boots. He laid his ancient umbrella by the Bible, hung his oil-cloth coat on a peg behind the pulpit and began to preach. The colored ecclesiastic took the Flood for his text. He voyaged with the Ark from the moment the last giraffe was put in it till it landed on Mount Ararat. Then glancing at his umbrella and his rubber coat he prayed powerfully for rain. He was joined by the entire congregation, who prayed with earnestness for the "Lawd to let de flood-gates open."

Several white roughs who have often been arrested in Bethlehem for disorderly conduct, got on the roof of the colored church with a barrel of water. The church is a humble and dilapidated one and has no ceiling. The white men poured a little water down through the roof. A few drops of water splashed on the pew seats in the church.

"It's a comin'" shouted the Rev. Circus Maximus. "Bress de Lawd, it's done guine to rain already."

A moment later, the barrel of water came through the roof and nearly drowned two colored deacons. "Who's that prayin' for a water-spout?" shouted the worthy minister.

There was a wild panic. The congregation seized umbrellas and overshoes and started for the door. The Rev. Circus Maximus, in his long rubber boots, led the flight to get out of the building before it was washed away.

When the cause of the sudden flood was discovered there was much indignation. An effort will be made to have the white men arrested for their joke. The Rev. Circus Maximus is one of the best known colored ministers in Suffolk county and is highly respected.

## SQUIRE VS. TIPSTAFF.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The magistrates' office of Squire H. C. Reece, in Louisville, was the scene of considerable turmoil and confusion the other morning. The cause of the disturbance was a little set-to between the squire and Constable Ed. Sprowl.

Mr. Sprowl was elected constable in the Jefferson-town district at the election a year ago, but has been serving papers from Reece's office for some time.

About 7:30 o'clock, the constable was sitting in one end of the room at the desk, while the squire was writing at his desk at the other end, with Constable Hendricks near by. A reporter dropped in, and a conversation was started by the squire respecting the travel on the Walnut street car line. The conversation turned to the new line to Portland, and a discussion arose as to the difference in distance between the two routes that lead to this section of the city.

In support of his point the squire measured off the two lines on a map, but measured the Walnut street line from the Cave Hill cemetery entrance. This the constable would not allow, maintaining that the line connected with the Beargrass road at the end of Baxter avenue.

"I know that the cars do not run to the end of Baxter avenue. They stop at Cave Hill," shouted the squire, beginning to tingle with excitement.

"I go out on the road every day or so," responded the constable, "and I ought to know that it runs to the end of the avenue."

"It does no such a thing; it only goes to Cave Hill," screamed the squire in a higher pitch of voice and excitement.

"There is no use in your talking like a d—d fool," retorted the constable.

At this remark the squire became frantic, and with wild gesticulations shouted:

"I am no more of a d—d fool than you, sir!"

Other words were passed, and the squire was trembling with rage behind the railing that separates his bench from the rest of the room, when the constable approached, and, reaching out his right hand, sent the squire tumbling into the corner. The squire quickly regained his feet, and, grabbing up a chair, came back at his assailant. His blow was ward off with a chair in the hands of the constable, and for a few moments the blows were exchanged with great rapidity, till the men could be separated.

The squire received a severe blow on the left cheek that inflicted a deep gash, and also a severe blow from a chair across the left wrist.

The constable immediately surrendered himself to Policemen Feeney and Haines, and a warrant charging him with assault and battery, was sworn out.



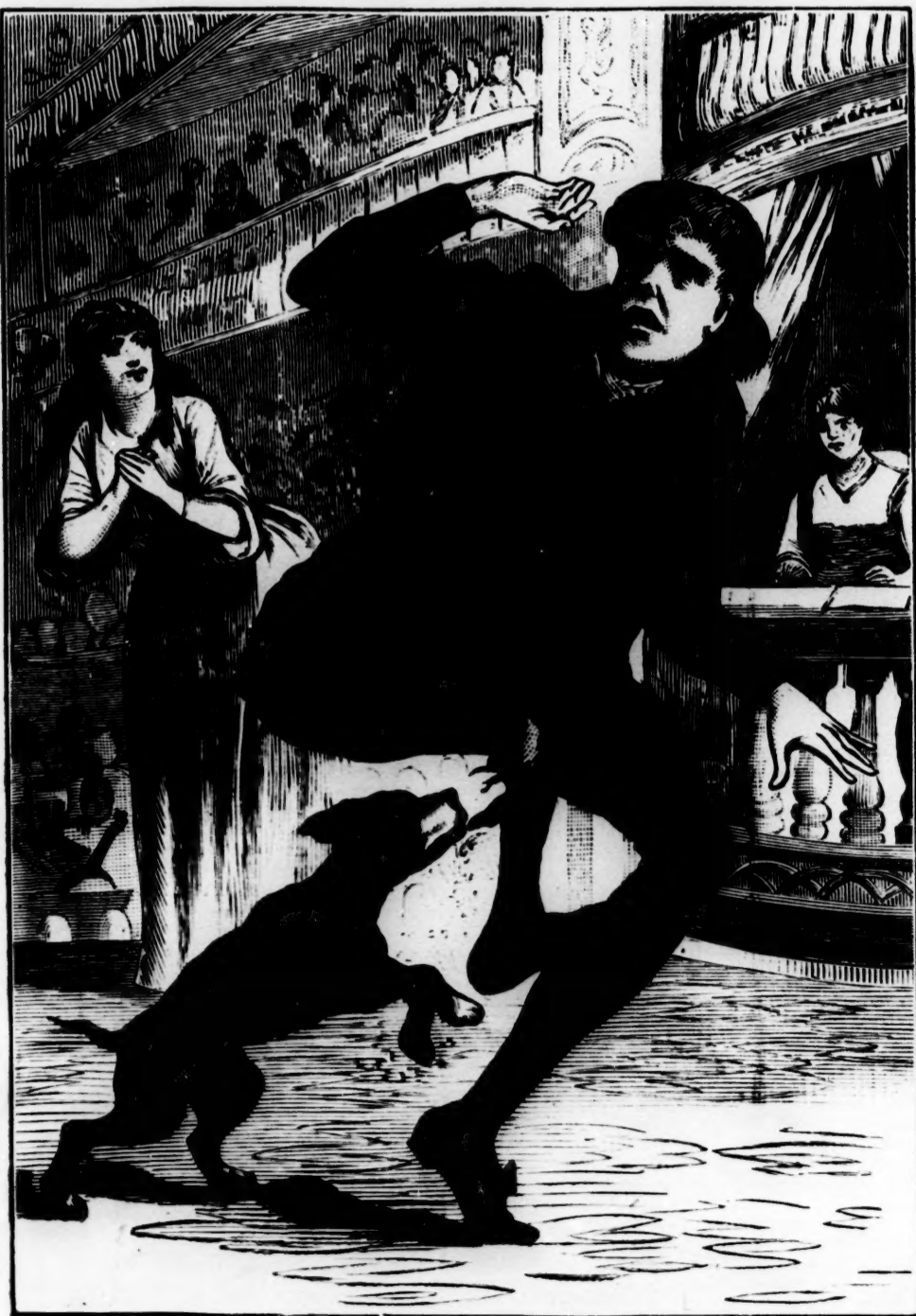
A DUEL WITH CHAIRS.

A LIVELY SCRIMMAGE BETWEEN A SQUIRE AND A CONSTABLE IN A COURT-ROOM, AT LOUISVILLE, KY.



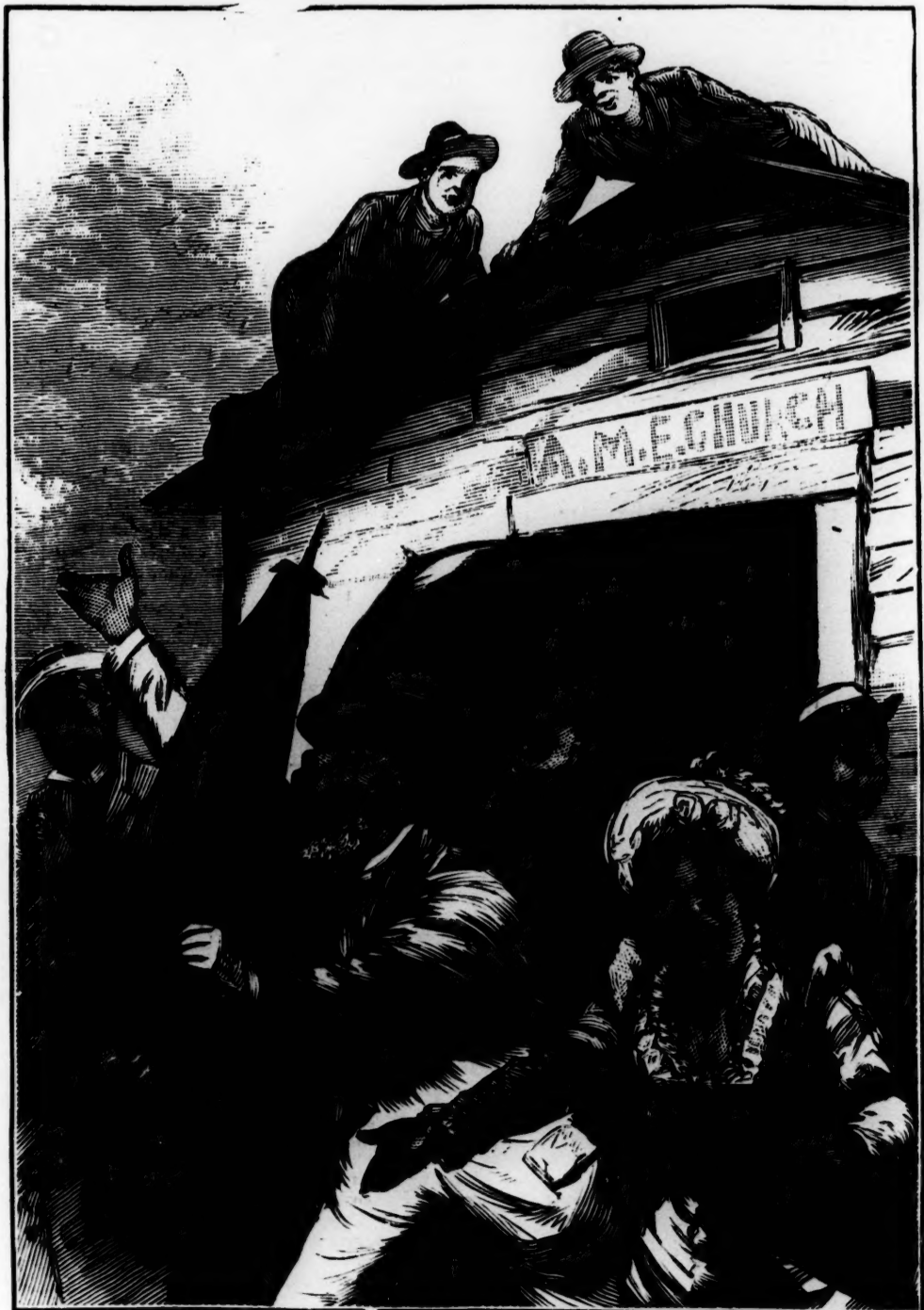
HIGHWAY ROBBERY ON THE BOWERY.

HOW A FEMALE FOOTPAD AND HER PAL TRIED TO WORK A RACKET AT A THIRD AVENUE ELEVATED RAILROAD STATION.



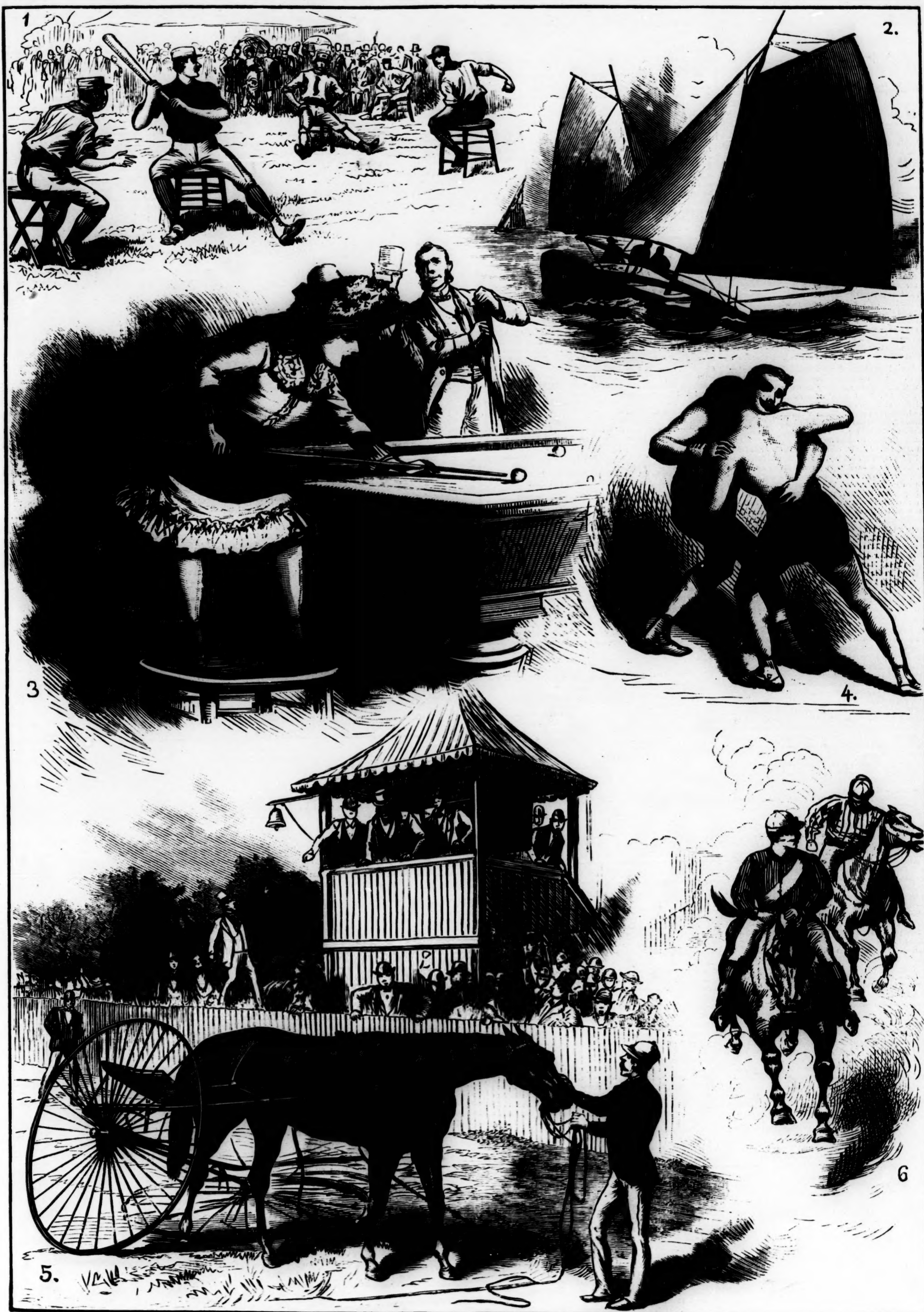
CHEWED BY A CUR.

THE TRAGEDIAN, GEORGE C. MILN, INVOLUNTARILY AFFORDS A FULL MEAL OF SAWDUST TO AN INFURIATED DOG.



THEY THOUGHT THEY CAUGHT, ON,

BUT IT WAS NOT THE RAIN THEY PRAYED FOR, BUT WATER FROM A TUB ON THE ROOF WORKED BY UNGODLY YOUTHS.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

AN ARTISTIC SERIES OF DISSOLVING VIEWS OF THE PRINCIPAL ATHLETIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

I.—The Actor Nine of Mt. St. Clements. II.—Catamaran Race. III.—The Infant Billiardist. IV.—Wrestling Match. V.—A Collision at Belmont Park. VI.—Miss Woodford Getting Away From Drake Carter.

## PUGILISTIC NEWS.

## The Fistic Engagements of Our Famous Men-at-Arms.

## White Pine's Tourney—A Slashing Contest at Creston, Ia.—Burke and McCormick at Butte City.

Miss Annie Lewis, the new pugilistic star, coyly expresses her readiness to box any female living either with her dainty fists uncovered or with gloves upon her hands. A feminine pugilist is a curiosity. Miss Lewis resides in Cleveland. She has always possessed remarkable strength and has exercised it wisely and discreetly on several occasions against certain weaker members of the other sex. It became a well-known fact among Miss Lewis' friends that she possessed the power of thus knocking men out, and the rest of the class immediately conceived a most exalted opinion of her, and invariably deputed themselves in her presence with most becoming modesty. Early in June Miss Lewis decided to adopt pugilism as a profession. A local trainer, unequalled, perhaps, in the States, was engaged to prepare her for the ring. Bands, Indian clubs and dumb-bells were purchased and used under the supervision of the trainer for several hours a day. Her determination to be champion of her weight in the country lent her energy and endurance, and her progress during these two months has been remarkable. Her love for her art amounts to a passion. She is never so happy as when she is equipped for the gauntlet fray. Miss Lewis considers herself perfect in the art, claiming she can knock out any man or woman of her weight in the world. She has sent a challenge to Richard K. Fox in which she agrees to fight any one of her weight for \$1,000. She declares that its acceptance will mean that she is on the high-road to fortune as well as fame.

A slashing glove contest was decided at Creston, Iowa, on Sept. 13, which attracted considerable attention. The principals were Jack Moran and Perry Zollinger, who fought according to Revised "Police Gazette" rules for \$300 a side. The ring was pitched at Smith's Mills, and a tremendous crowd assembled to witness the contest. Moran was seconded by Ed. T. Miller. Thomas J. Elliott was referee. After the pugilists entered the ring there was brisk betting, odds of \$100 to \$80 being offered on Moran. Both pugilists had trained for the contest, and entered the ring in good condition. After the contest began Zollinger delivered a few stunning blows on Moran's face, but he did not flinch. All of a sudden, Moran made an effort to paste Zollinger on the nose, but the young brawler declined the compliment, and, quickly striking him on the jaw, knocked him in the corner. Time was called and the pugilists loudly cheered. On time being called for the second round, Moran got to work in earnest, and dealt Zollinger a terrific one with his right on the cheek, followed by several hard blows on the neck and face, which worried Zollinger considerably, especially as he got the worst of the second round. On time being called for the third round, both sides started in with renewed vigor, and the striking showed the two to be pretty evenly matched, until Zollinger dealt Moran an unerring blow under the left ear with his right with great force. Moran reeled and fell to the ground. On time being called for the fourth round, the gritty Moran was not able to come to time, and the referee declared Zollinger the winner. Moran stands 5 feet 10½ inches and weighs 186 pounds. Zollinger stands 5 feet 10 inches and weighs 178 pounds. Moran still claims to be the best man, and in a short time will again challenge Zollinger for another contest.

The White Pine (Col.) "Cone" says: "At White Pine, on Sept. 11, a crowd of men was seen wending its way up street and on north of town. The word spread at once that a fight was on hand, and by the time the old Legal Tender platform was reached a good crowd had gathered to witness the fun."

"The first bout was between Tom Mourain and Charley Harmon. Mourain is a well-built, muscular Irishman, and it was evident to the by-standers when he stripped for the fray that Harmon stood no show. Bob Smith acted as Harmon's second, and Hank Brennan served in the same capacity for Mourain."

"Both men took the scratch promptly at the call of time. Harmon led off with a right-hander intended for Mourain's left optic, but it never got there. Mourain parried the blow with his right, and landed a stinging left-hander squarely on Harmon's chin and lips, sending him to grass in beautiful style. Harmon, seeing he was no match for his opponent, very properly refused to continue the fight, and his second threw up the sponge."

"The next mill was between Geo. E. Church and James Deck, which grew out of a difficulty of several days previously. Mr. Church is short, but well built, while Deck is tall but quite slender. Al. Harshorn acted as second for Church, and Frank Holt for Deck."

"Round 1—When the men faced each other it could be seen that Church handled himself in much the better manner, though the odds were considered about even on account of Deck's apparent greater size. Church led off with a left-hand feint, and threw Deck off his guard. Before the latter could recover, Church hit him in the face with his right and scored a knock-down."

"Round 2—Both came to time promptly, and sparred rapidly for a few seconds, when Church punished his antagonist quite severely about the face, ending the round with a square knock-down."

"Round 3—Deck showed signs of weakening, but came to time and made a desperate effort to secure an advantage. But Church was cool and wary, and the round ended by Deck again measuring his length on the grass. This ended the fight, Deck signifying that he had enough."

"While the above fight was in progress, another occurred between Zack Deck and Deb. Church, which was not down on the bills. It was a regular 'rough and tumble.' The combatants were about of equal size and weight, and it was hard to tell who would come out ahead. Deb. had been at work all night, and Zack had the advantage of fresh wind. First one was on top, and then another, but Zack finally came out ahead, though both were quite badly punished."

There is now every prospect of an international glove contest for a \$1,000 trophy, according to Queensberry rules, between Tom Hill, the English amateur champion, who is eager to visit this country, and Jack Dempsey, of Brooklyn, who has won numerous battles recently in the prize ring arena. Some time ago Tommy Hill issued a challenge in the *Referee* and *Sporting Life*, of London, offering to contend against any professional pugilist in America, according to Queensberry rules, for a \$1,000 trophy. On Sept. 20 Gus Tuttle, the backer of Walter Watson and Jack Dempsey, called at the *POLICE GAZETTE* office, posted \$100 forfeit with Richard K. Fox, and issued the following challenge:

NEW YORK, Sept. 20, 1884.

Richard K. Fox, Proprietor of the *POLICE GAZETTE*: Sir—Having read the challenge of Tommy Hill, England's champion amateur pugilist, to box any light-weight pugilist in America for a trophy of the value of \$1,000, please notify Hill and his backer that I will match Jack Dempsey to box him according to Queensberry rules in two, three or four weeks after Hill arrives in this country for a \$1,000 trophy. To prove I mean business I have posted \$100 for Hill to cover. If these terms suit Hill, and his backers can forward \$1,000 to the *POLICE GAZETTE* office, I will be willing to allow Richard K. Fox to purchase the trophy and select the referee.

Gus TUTTLE.

For some time past Hill has been eager to make a professional trip to this country, and he will now have an opportunity to make the trip and combine pleasure with profit. Hill is said to be a wonder, and English authorities on boxing claim that he has no equal in the boxing line in the world. In November, 1879, he won the Birmingham open amateur competition for 126-pound men; Dec. 8, 1880, won the German Gymnastic Society competition for 140-pound men, beating Giles, the 140-pound champion; Dec. 16, 1880, won the Orion Gymnastic Society competition for 140-pound men; April 12, 1881, at St. James' Hall, London, won in the championship meeting for 126-pound men; also won in the same meeting, in April, 1882 and 1883. The Amateur Boxing Association, wishing to see Hill against the best professional at 122 pounds, gave a prize of £35 to find the best professional at the weight. Jem. Laxton won the competition. The association then offered a prize of £50 value for Laxton to box Hill. They met at Little Bridge Aug. 6, 1883—the latter won easily.

See "Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings" for "The Referee." The only illustrated five-cent sporting paper published. Out every Saturday morning.

John L. Sullivan is taking the best of care of himself, and preparing for proposed boxing matches with Charley Mitchell, Alf. Greenfield, etc. Sullivan will give his enemies no chance to run him down if he lives abstemiously. No matter whether Sullivan worships at the shrine of Bacchus or not, he knows how to stand by his friends, and act the good Samaritan to the poor and needy. It is claimed that many poor families in Boston time and again have received orders for wood, coal, flour and money from 4 Loring place, Boston, the champion's residence.

The Manchester "Guardian," in reference to Alf. Greenfield, says: "The sporting men of Birmingham, England, are in a flutter over the fact that Alf. Greenfield, the pet heavy-weight boxer of Birmingham, is going to America to meet John L. Sullivan in a glove contest for the championship of the world. Greenfield has proved himself worthy to be champion of England, and there is not the least doubt that he will be well received on his arrival, whether he has been invited by Richard K. Fox, who is the leading backer and promoter of pugilism in America, and whom every one credits with being the reviver of the prize ring just as it was dying out in America. In this instance it is Richard K. Fox who is sending for the great Birmingham pugilist, and we have no hesitation in saying Greenfield is lucky in securing such a backer as the world-renowned proprietor of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, which has been the regular prize ring organ and the best and only authentic prize ring authority in America. It is needless for us to state that Greenfield is a first-class pugilist. The great battle he fought with Jack Stewart, the Scotch giant, proved him such. Greenfield broke his arm during the engagement, but he pluckily fought on until he won the battle. The professional visit of Greenfield to the United States will create what the Americans call a boom in prize ring circles, and there is not the least doubt but that when he reaches the Land of Stars and Stripes, he will not only prove that he can whip Jack Burke, but settle the question as to whether Charley Mitchell is champion of England."

See "Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings" for "Billy, the Boyer." The only five-cent illustrated sensational paper published in America. Out every Saturday morning.

The great glove contest between Frank McCormick, of Butte City, Montana, and Steve Burke, of Colorado, was fought recently in the Amphitheatre, in Butte City. The pugilists fought according to London prize ring rules, for \$1,000 it is said, and the gate money. About 1,000 persons paid to witness the mill, and there was heavy betting on the result. McCormick's excellent reputation in fistic circles in Butte made him by long odds the favorite. Ed. Mahoney was chosen referee, and Geo. Hopkins selected to act as time-keeper, which matter decided, the men stripped down for the fray. McCormick showed the best development, the muscles of his shoulders, chest and biceps standing out like knots in a hawser. Burke was also in fine condition, but although looking heavier, was in reality some four or five pounds lighter than his antagonist. After preliminaries, the men were not long in getting on their gloves and commencing operations. The following are the details of the fight:

Round 1—After some cautious sparring McCormick led out with his left, but, falling short, the men clinched and went down, with Burke below.

Round 2—The men came up lively, and, after light countering, Burke got in on McCormick, sending him off his pins. First knock-down for Burke, which was received with cheers and some surprise on the part of most of the audience.

Round 3—After the usual feinting for an opening the men got to close quarters and exchanged some very pretty compliments, McCormick seeming to have the best of it, when they clinched and went down heavily, McCormick on top.

Rounds 4, 5, 6, 7—These rounds were much the same, showing some very pretty sparring, resulting generally in favor of McCormick, but each winding up in a wrestling match, in which Burke was always on top.

Round 8—The men as yet showed no signs of great punishment, no claret appearing and everything passing off in a gentlemanly and quiet way. McCormick opened the ball by a terrific left-hander, Burke playing right back, but the latter seemed unable to keep the pace and received some hard punishment about the chest and shoulders, the round ending by McCormick going down.

Round 9—This was characterized by more hard hitting, ending in the usual clinch, McCormick again getting the worst of it.

Round 10—This was without doubt on either side until the wind-up by clinching. When this point was reached in almost all the rounds, McCormick's head was usually in danger, but by pinning Burke's arms he escaped punishment, while at the same time he would get in some short-arm but nevertheless hard blows between Burke's shoulders. In the fall which wound up this round McCormick was again under.

Round 11—McCormick, who appeared to be standing the racket the best, opened this round with a stem-winder on Burke's chest, Burke countering on McCormick's nose, bringing the first blow of the battle. Both men got in some good body blows, and finally clinched, Burke being thrown heavily upon the ropes.

Round 12—Burke now began to show some signs of punishment and a scarcity of wind, while McCormick seemed fresh. The men kept their distance from each other for some time, but finally went down with McCormick again beneath.

Round 13—Light sparring and a heavy fall in favor of McCormick.

Round 14—Burke made an attempt to reach Frank with his left, but, falling short, the Butte boy got to the front with a quarter-crusher on Burke's chest, sending him off his feet and retiring him to his corner.

Round 15—McCormick, from whom came the most of the leading, opened the round with a right-hander under Burke's jaw, and, on Burke's attempting to retaliate, the men clinched and Burke was heavily thrown.

Round 16—In the sparring McCormick seemed to have the best of it, but when it came to a clinch Burke proved the better man. In this round, after an exchange of light blows, McCormick was again thrown.

Round 17—Burke began to show some of the effects of his punishment, and the men had no sooner come to the scratch than McCormick planted a rib-tickler on Burke's left side, following it up by a hard one in the region of the neck. Burke seemed to awake to the necessity of doing something, and an exchange of several hard blows resulted, Burke finally throwing McCormick heavily.

Round 18—The heavy falls McCormick was subjected to at the end of each round was beginning to tell upon him, and he came up rather laggish, while Burke was in all the freshness of his second wind, and managed to get in two very effective blows on McCormick's chest and face, the round ending in the latter's going down.

Round 19—It was again in favor of Burke in the punning line, but the clinch and fall resulted in favor of McCormick.

Round 20—McCormick seemed to revive, and the hitting was in his favor, but he was thrown heavily again, Burke's greater strength enabling him to force the Butte man off his feet, and into such a position that in going down he might fall on McCormick.

Round 21—McCormick came up smiling, and the hope of his friends and backers revived as he sent in a couple of effective right-handers on Burke's anatomy, but although the latter retaliated it was not with the same effect, and things began to look more favorable for Burke's victory.

Round 22—The men closed in on each other at the end-off, and Burke was thrown over the ropes.

Round 23—Each began to show the effects of punishment, and the claret was commencing to flow from both. This did not prevent some heavy slugging, in which the honors were easy, but again was McCormick thrown.

Round 24—McCormick came up looking rather shaky, but went into the melee gamely, which was mostly short-arm work, but the Colorado man had things much his own way.

Round 25—Time was answered with alacrity by both men, and Burke, watching his opportunity, closed with his now almost exhausted rival. The struggle that ensued was terrible to look at, the well-developed muscles of each standing out in relief as they strained for the mastery. Slowly but surely Burke raised the Butte man from the floor, and, getting him in the right position, down came the unfortunate McCormick, with Burke's added weight full upon his head. He was picked up by his seconds and carried to his corner. Their efforts to revive him were without avail, and on time being called he was unable to respond.

The peculiar tactics adopted by McCormick, of ducking and allowing Burke to choke him around the neck undoubtedly lost him the fight. Both men maintained their coolness throughout, and showed but slight marks of punishment. Burke is somewhat disfigured about the right ear, the bridge of the nose and the eyes, but his worst punishment was dealt at the base of the neck, between the shoulders. McCormick is puffed up in the face, and his eyes are discolored, his head giving him the most cause of complaint.

See "Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings" for "The Prince of Wales' Pala." Out Saturday, Sept. 27.

## GOSSIP OF THE RING.

## A Season Full of Promise and Profit for the Lads Who Wear the Gauntlets.

Bryan Campbell has opened a first-class sporting house in Leadville, and he will retire on his many laurels.

Johnny Clark, the retired pugilist, has struck a bonanza in the Club theatre, Philadelphia, which is packed every night.

Billy Edwards, the retired light-weight champion, is still in charge of Ed. Stokes' pacific interests at the Hoffman House.

John Kilrain, of Boston, is going into training in order to be ready to meet all the leading boxers during the fall and winter season.

Billy Madden will open Athletic Hall, 120 East Thirtieth street, on Oct. 1. He will give a grand boxing and athletic show every night.

It is reported that Dominick McCaffrey and Charley Mitchell are matched to box four rounds at Madison Square Garden on Monday, Oct. 13.

"The Frowler" in "Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings" contains the spiciest gossip about the goings-on in high life. Out every Saturday morning.

John Flood, the noted sporting man and boniface of the Idaho, in Twenty-third street, has met with a big loss by the death of his mother, who died on Sept. 15.

Steve Taylor is to be tendered a benefit at Turn Hall, East Fourth street, New York, on Oct. 6. All the boxers of New York and New Jersey will volunteer.

Alf. Greenfield will arrive here in two weeks. Charley Mitchell is anxious for the first shy at him, but John L. Sullivan has been promised the first engagement.

It is said that Tom Allen, the ex-champion of America, is doing a thriving business at St. Louis. Allen was Jack King's backer in his match with Patsy Cardiff.

Dominick McCaffrey is going on the road with a combination. It is said the company will comprise Joe Acton, Wash. Faulkner, Cryder and Williams, and Dick Yarwood.

George Rooke, through his backer, Harry Brooks, challenges Professor Watson to fight four rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, for \$500 a side and the gate receipts.

Arthur Chambers, the proprietor of the "Champions' Rest," 322 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, will give a grand boxing and wrestling exhibition at his popular sporting resort every Saturday night.

Dominick McCaffrey refuses to box Jack Kilrain until he finds out whether Sullivan will meet him or not. If Sullivan refuses, then he will give Charley Mitchell the first opportunity.

Walter Watson, the English amateur champion, has been engaged as boxing instructor of the New York Athletic Club. Watson is a clever, gentlemanly fellow, and just the man for the position.

George Rooke is ready to arrange a match to box six rounds, Queensberry rules, against all comers. Anybody ambitious to have a shy at the veteran can notify him through the *POLICE GAZETTE*.

It is reported that Jack Boyce and Sam Lloyd, the pugilists who fought at Morrisville, N. J., on June 30, have both been indicted by the Grand Jury at Doylestown, N. J., and a number of the spectators.

Jem. Goode, who fought a draw with John Kilrain, failed to conquer Charley Norton in four 3-minute rounds, and was put to sleep by Mike Cleary in a four-round contest at Chicago, has returned to England.

On Sept. 13 a Brooklyn pugilist was knocked out in the third round at Daly's Giant's Rest, 108 Bowery, by Andy Riley. The house was packed with Brooklyn sporting men to see what the giant was made of.

The Crib Club, an organization of the leading Bostonians who admire boxing, will shortly give its regular monthly contest. Hon. Timothy McCarthy, the grand mogul of the club, is already looking out for attractions.

Harry Hill's sporting theatre, 26 East Houston street, is nightly the scene of a great glove contest between Jerry Murphy and Jimmy Kelly, the champion boxers who made such a great sensation during their sojourn in England.

No match has been arranged yet with John Hughes, the Dangerous Blacksmith, now residing at Troy, N. Y., and Hiltot Jack, of Pittsburgh. Hughes' backers are eager to clinch the argument and arrange a match for \$250 a side.

Bill Richardson, the well-known backer of champions, of the Blue Anchor, Shore Ditch, says that Alf. Greenfield is about the best pugilist living in England, and that he will beat more men in Yankee land than will beat him.

The New York "Daily News" says: "The next sensation will be the arrival of Alf. Greenfield. According to the English sporting press, Greenfield is a clever, scientific pugilist, and he will stand successfully in the arena against all comers."

Dick Egan, the Troy Terror, who recently knocked John Hughes, the Dangerous Blacksmith, out of time, states that he will box Hiltot Jack, of Pittsburgh, four or six rounds, "Police Gazette" rules, for sixty-five and thirty-five per cent. of the gate receipts.

The glove contest between Jack Dempsey and Jimmy Ryan, at Philadelphia, ended in a draw. The referee so decided, although it was claimed Dempsey should have been returned the winner. Seven rounds were fought according to Queensberry rules.

Frank White is getting up a competition for professional light weights for a gold medal valued at \$100, presented by Julius Somers & Co., wine merchants, of Broad street. All the light weights have signified their intention to enter for the medal.

Fred. Daly, light-weight champion of Michigan, and Jack Tierney meet at the Boulevard, Grand Rapids, to box with soft gloves for \$100 a side. The conditions are that Daly must knock his man out in six rounds to win. Ed. O'Donnell is stakeholder.

See "The Billboard" in "Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings" for the latest and best theatrical news. Five cents will buy the greatest illustrated theatrical paper in the world. Out every Saturday morning.

Herbert A. Slade must have greatly improved, both in quantity and quality of courage and muscle, when he issues a challenge to fight any man in America, barring John L. Sullivan. Slade is many miles from New York, and there is little danger of any pugilist picking up the gauntlet.

Mervine Thompson, the Cleveland Thunderbolt, has gone into training at Cleveland for the mill with Capt. James C. Daly, whom he is to meet in the arena for \$2,000 the second week in November near New Orleans. Duncan C. Ross, Thompson's backer, will take charge of his training.

On Sept. 14 a prize fight with bare knuckles between W. K. Wineman and W. C. Kings, local pugilists, took place near Perryville, Penn. Both men fought hard, but Wineman had the advantage from the start, and was awarded the fight in the seventh round, after knocking Kings senseless. The purse was \$50.

Patsy Sheppard, the popular light weight, is doing a thriving business at the Abbey on Harrison avenue, Boston. All sporting men visiting the Hub make a point of dropping in on him. At one time Sheppard was considered the cleverest boxer in America, and he was always ready to fight any man living at 120 pounds.

Col. Tom Earley, of the famous Earley House, La-grange street, Boston, has sent to England for a batch of noted British pugilists. On their arrival Earley will give a grand boxing show every night at his popular sporting house. It is understood that Sam Breeze, Jimmy Carney, Charley Hipkess and Tommy Monk are the favored artists.

Tom O'Donnell, holder of the "Police Gazette" heavy-weight championship medal, of Michigan, in reply to Harry Dunings' challenge to back Walter Grummond, of East Saginaw, against O'Donnell for \$500 a side, states that he is ready to accept said challenge and to ratify a match at any time, and will immediately cover any deposit placed with this office.

Jack McManus, of Brooklyn, and Pete Tracey agreed to fight Queensberry rules, for \$200 a side. The pugilists were to have fought on Sept. 18, at a noted resort on Long Island. It was reported that the authorities had wind of the affair, and the contest was postponed until Sept. 19. A large crowd of sporting men assembled to witness the mill at a quiet spot about one hour's ride from Hunter's Point, but the contest did not take place, McManus refusing to agree upon a referee, and the crowd was treated to a fizzle. Tracey offered to fight McManus for fun, but he refused to do so.

James Keenan, the leading sporting man of New England and boniface of the "Police Gazette" Shades, 95 Portland street, and the Exchange, 35 Kneeland street, Boston, writes that any time Dominick McCaffrey means business he will match John Kilrain to box him four or six rounds, "Police Gazette" rules, with gloves, or to a finish, for \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side, and he adds: "I will cover any money McCaffrey or his backer may deposit with Richard K. Fox. I mean business and every one knows that when I offer to put up I will do so." Now here is a business-like proposition for McCaffrey. Will he accept it?

Pendragon says, in the London "Referee," that Alf. Greenfield, the well-known pugilist, is going to America to try his chances with the champion, Sullivan, and the balance of the fistic fraternity. Greenfield needs no recommendation. He possesses science, courage and capital judgment, and no matter against whom Richard K. Fox (who has sent for him) pits him he will give a good account of himself. He is, in my opinion, a better general pugilist than Tug Wilson, and, with all the improvement Mitchell has made, for a choice I should select Greenfield to win if they were matched to fight, either with bare knuckles or gloves, which American champions most prefer to fight with.

Frank White, the noted sporting man and backer of pugilists of Leicester, England, writes in reference to Alf. Greenfield's fighting abilities as follows: "Greenfield in my opinion—and I have seen all the champions from the time Tom Sayers won the champion belt by whipping Wm. Perry, the Tipton Slasher, to the present time—is the most scientific pugilist, barring Jem. Mace, who is out of the hunt, there is in this country. He is a punishing hitter, a quick, rapid fighter and possesses everything necessary in the prize ring line to be styled a champion. In a glove contest with Sullivan, according to the custom now in vogue in America, I don't believe Sullivan, the American champion, will be able to knock Greenfield out, and whether he is beaten or not Richard K. Fox will be well satisfied with the Birmingham pugilist's performance."

At Pittsburg, on Sept. 8, there was a slashing hard-glove contest for a purse of \$200 between Charley McCoy, of McKeesport, and Albert Shupe, of Hite's Station, in the presence of 800 spectators. McCoy led off with a left-hander, which caught Shupe in the neck and almost felled him. This was followed up with several rib-roasters, which Shupe met bravely, but he was finally compelled to give up. The three succeeding rounds were repetitions of the first. In the fifth round, however, McCoy became demoralized, and Shupe rained blow after blow on his face and body. McCoy was unable to recover, and resorted to falling to escape punishment. Shupe struck him several times after he was down, and McCoy claimed a foul each time. When he fell at the end of the tenth round and was struck, this claim was allowed, and the purse was awarded to him.

"The War of the Soubrettes." Lotta and Minnie throw down the gauntlet. See *Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings*, price 5 cents, out Saturday, Sept. 27.

Articles of Agreement entered into at the "Police Gazette" office, this 22d day of September, 1884, between Walter Watson, of New York, and Mike Donovan, of Brooklyn. The said Walter Watson and the said Mike Donovan hereby agree to box six rounds with gloves, according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules, in a 24-foot ring, by which the said Walter Watson and the said Mike Donovan hereby mutually agree to be bound. The said contest shall be for the sum of one hundred dollars (\$100) a side, and shall take place in a hall in this city on a date between the 15th and 25th of October to be mutually agreed upon. The man having the best of the six rounds to be declared the winner and to receive in addition to the stakes 65 per cent. of the gate receipts, less expenses; the loser to receive 35 per cent. of the gate receipts. In pursuance of this agreement the sum of one hundred dollars (\$100) a side is now deposited in the hands of Richard K. Fox, who shall be final stakeholder. The referee and time-keeper to be chosen on the occasion of the contest. In pursuance of this agreement we hereto attach our names.

Witnesses:  
JOHN E. DEMPSEY  
HARRY MARTIN  
WALTER WATSON  
MICHAEL DONOVAN.

John Higgins, a blacksmith, formerly employed at Baldwin's locomotive works, and Terence Murphy, a hickster, fought according to London prize ring rules on the Reef Flats, near Philadelphia, on Sept. 13. Twenty-seven unscientific rounds were fought, in which both men's faces were beaten into a semblance of raw beef, and the contestants dropped together in the last round weak from the loss of blood and blinded by the terrible blows which had been unmercifully exchanged. When they had been fighting for 25 minutes their faces were battered, the knuckles of their fists were skinned and bloody, and both men were so nearly blind that they could hardly see to strike a blow. Still they fought, although their frightened friends, who expected to see one or both drop dead, urged them to stop. Higgins snarled between his bloody lips, "I'm going to kill him before I stop." The fierce fighting was over. Both men were too weak to do either further harm, yet they fought on until they tottered on their feet. With a great effort Higgins summoned all his strength and struck Murphy a powerful blow on the neck. Murphy was surprised and angered and made a fierce attack on Higgins, striking him twice on his bleeding mouth. Then the men closed in and fell together, with each other's head in jeopardy. They could not rise, but lay panting on the soggy ground. The fight was over. Murphy spit blood for some time. Higgins lay in a comatose condition for two hours.

Since the introduction of pugilism in America, nearly sixty years ago, this country has had numerous pugilists who have battled for the distinction of champion heavy weight of America. In the contests fought during the last half century America can boast of having produced prize ring champions second to none in the world, and it is doubtful if introduced in the Olympic games, in the twenty-third Olympiad and for boys in the thirty-seventh Olympiad. With the exception of a girdle about the loins the ancient boxers fought nude. They differed in one feature from those of the modern school in that the former used the cestus, a contrivance of thongs or bands of raw ox-hide tied firmly around the hands, sometimes reaching as high as the elbows of the pugilist. It was certainly a fearful weapon. Later on "improvements" crept in taking the place of knobs of lead or iron. Even the latter improvements did not suffice, for in a short time a weapon in the shape of a disc or bronze came into use which was simply a murderous piece of mechanism and meant death, as a general rule, to the less skillful "pug." As the head of the pugilist was exposed to great danger by the latter weapon, armor for the protection of the bones, ears, etc., was introduced, not unlike helmets. The boxer, who showed the most skill and received the least punishment was held to be the best man as at the present time. Sometimes the ancient boxers were so disfigured that their own friends failed to recognize them. Still it is asserted that a modern professor with his naked fists would have very little trouble in "getting away" with one of these ancient chaps rigged up with his knobs and rawhide thongs. As a mode of settling disputes, it is just as natural in the British Isles to use the fist as it is for a duck to take to the water. Prior to the introduction of pugilism proper in England clubs and cudgels were used to settle disputes, especially among the "prentices and peasants, while people of rank used the sword. Pugilism was finally established in England during the reign of the first monarchs of the house of Brunswick. In America, as in England, the art has been brought down to the present time through a succession of pugilistic champions. Although boxing is not pleasant to religious or timid people, nevertheless, the "manly art" has its defenders, and they are numerous—for there are certain rules governing the "ring" to transgress which is considered infamous, striking a man down, below the belt, biting, kicking, etc., is not tolerated. Men of sense have asserted that pugilism encourages individual and consequently national courage, that it conduces to fair play, that it discourages the use of the knife, the shooting iron and other deadly weapons—in short, as man is an animal not likely to tamely submit to bulldozing or bossism, and as quarrels, like bad weather, are sure to come, the best way to settle matters is to "peel off" with a "go" and then shake hands. Boxing at present is with the use of gloves, and ranks second to no other athletic exercise. It brings the muscles of the body into play, expands the chest, and invigorates the frame.

## OUR NATIONAL GAME.

The "Boss"-towners Done Up—They Go West and Are Instructed in the Art of Playing Baseball.

The Bostonians started off on their Western trip brimful of conceit. They had fully made their arrangements to win all of their Western games and return to the Hub once more the champions of the country. The Boston press thought that the scheme was grand and they clung to it like a drowning man to a straw. They could not realize that it was a soap bubble that they were fondling, and like blind bats they went flapping around and spouting out about Boston's chances for first place, to the disgust of the baseball public throughout the country, until after their crack team had brushed up against the Cincinnati once and the Chicago twice, with results of 10 to 3, 17 to 0 and 18 to 9 in favor of their opponents.

It was Manager Morrill's intention to take in the Cincinnati on their way out West as sort of an appetizer for the boys preparatory to their big meal in Chicago, where they were to have feasted for a week on the ex-champion Chicagoans.

The bean-eaters had an idea that there was not a club in the country outside their charmed league circle which knew the first rudiments about playing baseball, and they were greatly surprised when they saw how duncely clever the Cincinnati boys were with the bat. Their celebrated Whitney was knocked clean out of the box, and their crack Morrill, who relieved Whitney, fared but little better.

In fact the Bostonians made such a miserable showing against the Cincinnati boys that the press of that city came out and openly accused the Bostonians of having "thrown" the game in order to draw a large crowd the next time they came together.

Instead of giving the Cincinnati credit of playing an unusually fine game the ball-playing public took up the word "hippodrome" and stuck to it like grim death to a dead nigger. This was both unkind and unjust, as the game was won entirely on its merits.

Billy White, the played-out fossil of the box, made one great and grand effort and, to the utter amazement of the Cincinnati people, he recovered his old effectiveness and did such able work that it was with great difficulty that the Bostonians managed to scratch five safe base-hits off his delivery.

Fennelly opened the game for the Cincinnati in the first inning by poking Whitney for a clean two-bagger, and drawing the first blood by scoring the first run of the game on hits by Jones and Kelly. The Bostonians were disposed of in fine form in their half of the inning. A double play by McPhee and Kelly, and a fine running-catch by McPhee, shut the Bostonians out just as the beanies were preparing to roll up a few runs.

Fennelly, the man whom the Brooklynians refused to hire because they thought he was no good, led off in fine form again in the third inning by hitting the ball so hard that it went between the legs of the dub Burdock like a streak of greased lightning. Carpenter, after clubbing the wind three times, was given a life by the better fingered Hines falling to hold the ball. Both men were sent home on McPhee's three-bagger, and, with the assistance of a passed ball, he scored the third run of the inning.

Matters were now beginning to look serious, and collecting all their energies, the Bostonians put their shoulders to the wheel and, with one grand effort, managed to make a rally and score two runs in the last half of the third inning. The brown stone, West, was of some little assistance to the Bostonians in scoring their two runs, as he dropped an easy fly that he could have easily caught in his mouth if he had not been too lazy to part his lips.

West made a safe hit in the fourth inning, went to third on a wild throw, and scored on a hit by Brooklyn's no-good Fennelly. The fifth inning was a hard one on the baked beans, as the representatives of the American Association pounded no less than three runs out of Whitney. This rally placed the total at 8 to 2 in favor of the Cincinnati, and gave the Bostonians a decidedly blue appearance. The Cincinnati were not satisfied with this heavy lead, and, in the following inning, they added another run to their score by Jones smashing Whitney for a clean home-run.

Corkhill was determined that he would not be outdone by a big slob like Jones, so he stepped up to the bat in the seventh inning and plugged Whitney for a clean home-run, much to the delight of the 2,000 spectators in attendance. This kind of bruising was more than the Bostonians could stand, so Whitney was replaced by Morrill during the last two innings and it proved a safe barrier against the war-clubs of the Portkewans.

Crowley, in the last half of the ninth inning, slapped a three-bagger out of Whitney and scored on Wise's sacrifice to Fennelly. With this defeat as a starter, the Bostonians went to Chicago and got the life pounded out of them by the once invincible champions. The big batters pounded Morrill and Burdick fully as hard as they did Whitney, so the blame could not be laid at the feet of any one of them, as the honors of getting pounded were too well divided.

They smarted most under their Cincinnati defeat, even though it was nothing more than an exhibition game. Subjoined is the score:

CINCINNATI.									
Players.	A. B.	R.	B.	T. B.	P. O.	A.	E.		
Fennelly, S. B.	5	2	2	3	1	6	1		
Jones, I. F.	5	1	2	5	1	0	1		
Carpenter, J. D.	5	1	0	0	0	1	2		
McPhee, J. B.	5	1	2	2	10	0	0		
McPhee, J. B.	5	1	2	4	7	1	1		
Snyder, C.	4	1	1	1	4	2	0		
Corkhill, R. F.	4	2	1	4	2	0	0		
West, C. F.	4	1	2	2	1	1	1		
White, P.	4	0	0	0	0	1	0		
Totals	41	10	12	22	27	12	4		

BOSTONS.									
Players.	A. B.	R.	B.	T. B.	P. O.	A.	E.		
Hornung, I. F.	4	1	1	1	1	0	0		
Sutton, J. D.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0		
Whitney, P.	4	0	1	1	5	0	0		
Burdock, J. D.	4	0	0	0	0	2	1		
Crowley, R. F.	4	1	3	3	1	1	1		
Wise, S. B.	4	0	0	0	0	1	0		
Manning, C.	4	0	1	1	1	0	0		
Morrill, J. B.	3	1	0	1	8	0	0		
Hines, C.	3	1	0	0	7	0	2		
Totals	32	3	5	7	27	12	4		

Score by Innings.									
Clubs.	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.
Cincinnati	0	3	1	3	1	0	0	0	10
Bostonians	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	1-3

Runs earned—Cincinnati, 4; Boston, 1. Two-base hits—Fennelly, West. Three-base hits—McPhee, Crowley. Home runs—Jones, Corkhill. Total bases on clean hits—Cincinnati, 22; Boston, 7. Double plays—McPhee and Kelly and Crowley and Morrill. Left on bases—Cincinnati, 5; Boston, 3. Struck out—Carpenter, Kelly, Whitney and Wise. Base on called balls—Sutton. Bases given by being hit by pitcher—Snyder, Sutton. First base on errors—Cincinnati, 3; Boston, 3. Wild throws—Hines, Jones, McPhee. Passed grounder—Burdock. Fumbled grounder—Fennelly. Missed flies—West, Crowley. Muffed thrown ball—Hines. Passed balls—Hines, 2. Time of game—One hour and fifty-five minutes.

MURPHY is now shelved with a sprained ankle. DAVIS has had his head chopped off by Von der Ahe, and is now looking for another soft snap.

SHAW has made a great hit in Boston, and is a favorite with the press as well as the public.

BURCK lost his head with the Boston Union, and it didn't take much longer for him to lose his job.

It appears to be a pity that Cincinnati has such a bum nine, after all the money spent to secure a leading club.

We thought wine was expensive at \$5 per bottle, but Toledo players think nothing of paying \$100 for a glass of whiskey.

AL JENNINGS is not nearly as fly as he used to be since he took a bath in a bucket of paste. Moral—Let baseball editors alone.

RECEIVED and Wolf are working together like finely-oiled machinery, and will prove of great value to the Louisville Club next season.

DUNLAP has been doing some pretty heavy work with the stick this season, and it strikes us that the Clevelanders lost a valuable man when he jumped the town.

The Philadelphia caught a nice snap by the disbanding of the Wilmingtons, as they not only froze on to a first-class pitcher and catcher, but they swiped a dandy second baseman.

All of the League clubs, as well as those of the American Association, are playing in better form during the closing days of the championship campaign than they did during any previous period of the season.

The League and American Association clubs are going to burst the National Agreement this winter and swoop down upon the weaker associations like a pack of hungry wolves, and rob them of their best players.

The Sly Lyman Juniors of Powee Valley are flourishing this season under the able management of W. F. Johnson, who has had to fire Curtis, the New Orleans bummer, on account of insubordination and general incompetency.

ESTERHAK said there were 13,000 people on the St. Louis baseball ground Sunday, Sept. 14, and that 10,000 of them were on him as "the dude," and broke him up so badly that he couldn't have seen a balloon coming over the home base, let alone hit it.

THERE is more cheap jewelry manufactured at Providence than at any other place on the face of the globe, and stuff that is too common to be passed off on the trade is being utilized in form of presents to the Providence Baseball Club, as they are too unsophisticated to know the real value of the sham jewelry.

ALREADY the National Agreement clubs are beginning to weaken. The Louisville have actually arranged to play two games with the St. Louis Union, which, of course, will take place after the close of the championship season, when the American Association will have no jurisdiction over them. The games are booked for Oct. 23 and 26.

TOM MULLANE has promised to pitch for about twenty different clubs next season, and if he can succeed in working each one of them for advance money he can well afford to take his chances of the black-list. Tom is as slippery as an eel, and thinks about as much of his promise as he does of a cud of tobacco when he sees a tempting meal in front of him.

As the season draws to a close Anson's pets are getting down to their old form, and are playing together like clockwork. They can play ball when they feel like doing so, and they are only doing it now to make sure of being re-engaged in a body by President Spaulding for next season. They are probably the strongest team in the League when they let liquor alone.

THE National Agreement clubs did not stand upon ceremony when they got wind of the rumor that the Milwaukee Club were about to join the Union Association. Notwithstanding the fact that the Milwaukee were at the time under the protection of the National Agreement, they made a raid on their players without stopping to investigate the truthfulness of the report.

THE leading cities and towns in Texas have it bad, and arrangements are being made with Northern professionals to form a Southern League and play a series of games in Texas during the winter months. Thus far Galveston, San Antonio, Houston, Fort Worth and Dallas have made the preliminary steps to secure a team of professional players from the North to represent them on the diamond field during the coming winter.

BOE FANOUSS is the oldest ball-player before the public this year. He has wrestled with forty-three gentle summers and as many tough winters. Joe Start comes next in point of service, and is forty years old. Nelson, of the Mets, is not a spring chicken, and has been a voter for the last nineteen years. Dave Force and Jim White, of the Buffaloes; Cassidy and Remsen, of the Brooklyn; Tom York and Billie Barrie, of the Baltimore; and Charlie Fulmer, of the St. Louis Americans, also rank away back in the list.

When the Metropolitan arrived in this city on their return from their Western trip, President Day and friends had great difficulty in picking them out from a gang of Italians who arrived by the same train. The only way in which they could be distinguished was by their looking a little more like niggers and carrying bats instead of shovels. They had ridden from Columbus to New York on a train with the windows open and the engine burning soft coal, and the boys presented the appearance of the champion colored club as they stepped from the cars. All one could see was the whites of their eyes and their ebony faces.

THE proper way to get good work out of the ball-players is for the manager to show them that he appreciates their services, as is the custom in Louisville. Hecker is to get a brown-stone front when the Louisville win the championship of the American Association, and recently, Manager Ruetter of the Medocs, of Louisville, presented Murphy and Evans, of his team, with a box of matches each for the excellent manner in which they had played against an opposing club. If Manager Price would even present his men with toothpicks as a recognition of their personal worth on the diamond field, it is thought that he might get better work out of them.

THE Arbitration Committee should take some positive measures this fall against drunkenness and disgraceful conduct in ball-players. There are, we are glad to say, but very few players now engaged who would be concerned by such legislation. Gardner, late of the Baltimore, whom the Union afterward took up and expelled; Lewis, of the St. Louis club, one or two members of the Indianapolis club, and a very few others would complete the list.

These men frequently go before the public through the newspapers in disgraceful brawl, and do more to injure baseball than they can benefit it by years of good ball-playing. The time has come for the League and American Association to permanently retire all drunkards and debauchers to the shelf occupied by convicted dishonest professionals. It should be done this winter. Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

THE Louisville press have the brazen-faced effrontery to try to work Hecker another year on the same old gag. They have made him the laughing-stock of the country this year by the manner in which they have fooled him, and it is hardly likely he will be a big enough ass to be caught in the same trap next season. The Louisville press, however, are plying the bat by publishing the following scribble: "Guy Hecker will have to live in a rented house next winter, same as other players, so says a Cincinnati exchange; but Hecker's brown-stone will be ready for him by the end of the season of 1885; take our word for it." Hecker has worked like a slave this season for that promised brown-stone front, and all the satisfaction he has is to take the word of a baseball scribble that he will get it at the end of the season of 1885, which means the hardest kind of slavery the balance of this season and all of next, and if the Louisville don't win the championship pennant to keep on slaving until they do, when he will then take his chances of getting his house from the men who are now laughing in their sleeves at the style in which Hecker bit at their rash offer, which was only made to see if he was as big a fool as he looked to be.

BIO SHUTZLINE, of the Trenton Club, while in Allentown last week, went with a party of players to the roller rink now in operation there. Seeing the many skaters on the floor, "Shutts" got a notion into his head—he got a head—that he could skate as well as anybody. The result is thus described by the Chronicle: "After some difficulty they managed to fit his feet by putting two pairs of skates under each foot, and even then the foot projected about two inches over the sides of the skates. The managers privately induced many of the skaters to get off the floor temporarily in order to give 'Jumbo' a chance, and then the fun began. To attempt a description of the circus is out of the question. 'Shutts' was not like the man on the flying trapeze, who flew through the air with the greatest ease. He sat down a number of times in a very emphatic manner, and his fall generally meant the fall of eight or ten others, as his legs and arms branched out like the arms of an octopus, meaning disaster to all within reach. If 'Shutts' had been wise he would have strapped a pair or two of skates to each hand and then, on all fours, he could probably have made the circuit without falling. The managers, seeing that he was likely to bring ruin on them, prevailed on him to get off the floor, and henceforth he was an interested spectator. To-day he has been telling all his friends of his success on roller skates."—Sporting Life.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 6.—A regular sensation was caused in baseball circles here yesterday when it leaked out that the popular and genial manager, Jimmy Williams, ex-secretary of the Association, had resigned the management of the St. Louis Browns. The reasons for this step cannot be learned, but it is surmised that personal trouble with some of the members of the club is at the bottom. It has been shrewdly guessed here for some time that matters were not running as smoothly as could be desired. Of Williams' capacity there can be no question, but anybody who knows anything of the peculiar disposition of Von der Ahe, and the "bearish" composition of a very unmanageable team of players, will readily perceive that Jimmy's lot was not a happy one, and that it must be quite a relief to him to get rid of the whole business. He will go back to Columbus, and Mr. Von der Ahe will manage the club himself the rest of the season. Fulmer and the new catcher, Alexander, have also been given their release. The former didn't have much chance to display his abilities, as one game was enough, and he has ever since played in the grand stand. Fred Lewis got on a big drunk Thursday night. He tried to bulldoze a barkeeper in a St. Louis saloon, and got badly whipped for his pains. Afterward, however, the ball-player took revenge by throwing two beer-kegs and a box of mineral water through the front window of the saloon. He was finally carried to the station-house in a patrol wagon and locked up. He was taken out by Von der Ahe, and sobered up sufficiently to play yesterday against the Athletics. —Sporting Life.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All requests for information of a character to be answered in the columns of a newspaper will meet with an early reply on this page, and our readers are cordially invited to submit by letter any reasonable question, no matter on what subject.

J. W. P., City.—To the right.

D. D., Cincinnati, Ohio.—Tom Allen resides at St. Louis, Mo. Pittsburg, Pa.—No. Fred Archer has never visited America.

L. D., Boston, Mass.—Write to Peck & Snyder, Nassau street, New York.

INDIANOLA, Iowa.—Forty thousand dollars was paid by Mr. Bonner for Maud S.

G. L., Rico, Col.—"Maori," pronounced Mowrie, means a tribe in New Zealand.

S. S., Baltimore, Md.—1. Croton water was first supplied to New York city in 1812.

A. Z., Scranton, Pa.—Harry Jennings, 255 and 257 Broome street, New York.

J. C., Boston, Mass.—John Morrissey was born in 1831 and fought Sullivan in 1853.

D. H., Chicago, Ill.—Hallett's Point Reef was exploded by Gen. Newton on Sept. 24, 1877.

L. G., New Bedford, Mass.—John Howard never jumped 29 ft 7 in on level ground, therefore A wins.

M. S., Buffalo, N. Y.—The National Association of Amateur Car-men was organized in August, 1872.

L. and C., Scranton, Pa.—Fred Archer's first mount was on Athol Daisy, at Chesterfield, Eng., in September, 1870.

M. E., Elmira, N. Y.—In playing euchre you are allowed to tell your partner to take up and you will "play it alone."

CONSTANT READER, Sprague.—You omit to quote the State you reside in, making it impracticable to send you a communication.

C. H., Topeka, Kan.—American Girl never beat Goldsmith Maid. The latter beat American Girl in every race they trotted.

D. D., Leavenworth.—Joe Coburn and Harry Gribben fought in Canada, Nov. 18, 1857. Coburn won in 21 rounds, lasting 30m.

C. H., Baltimore, Md.—Write to John Wood, 208 Bowery, New York. He will furnish you with all sporting and theatrical pictures.

G. A., Louisville, Ky.—1. Billy Edwards and Sam Collier fought three times as opponents. 2. Edwards won the stakes in each event.

D. T., Norfolk, Va.—Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, is much larger than either Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., or Central Park, New York.

J. J., Roanoke, Va.—Richard K. Fox did hold the stakes in the wrestling match between Joe Burke and Clarence Whistler, and the match was bona fide.

W. S., Florida.—1. Deaf Burke, the noted pugilist, only fought twice in this country. 2. At New Orleans, La., May 30, 1857, when he defeated O'Rourke.

J. S., St. Joseph, Mo.—1. Joe Acton is the champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler of America. 2. Clarence Whistler is the champion Greco-Roman wrestler.

J. M., Black Rock.—The prize fight between George Mitchell and Tom Cribb was not for the English champion belt, and Tom Cribb was not champion at the time.

H. M., Trenton, N. J.—1. Sam Hurst, alias "Staleybridge Infant," ex-champion of England, died at Mayfield, Manchester, Eng., May 22, 1882. 2. Of bronchitis.

L. S., Portland, Me.—1. Scott, Russell & Co., of Milwall, Eng., were the builders of the Great Eastern. 2. In 1857 and 1858 the steamer was built and called the Leviathan.

A SUBSCRIBER, Utica, N. Y.—At Saratoga, in a race for the cup against McDaniel's Harry Bassett and John Morrissey's Defender, Bassett won the race and Longfellow broke down.

J. H., Bordenstown, N. J.—M. Vignaux, in his match with G. F. Slosson, 4,000 points up, three ball caroms, made a run of 1,531, and his opponent made 1,103 at Paris, France, April 10-14, 1880.

READER, Albany.—Consult some professional man of first-class reputation where you live. Having no personal experience in the line you name, we cannot offer an opinion on the matter you ask.

L. M., Selma, Ala.—1. The Sirius and Great Western were the first steamships that arrived in this country from England. 2. These vessels arrived off the Battery at New York, June 7, 1838. 3. Yes.

J. M. C., Indianapolis.—John W. Raine defeated J. W. McCormick, running 10 miles at Ottawa, Canada, March 10, 1863; they ran again on March 17, 1863, and Raine won with comparative ease.

D. S. G., Elmira, N. Y.—No. 2. Exile. 3. Wanda has won \$77,000 for Pierre Lorillard so far this season. There is no horse or filly can beat her with 107 lbs up with a fair start and good day and track.

H. M., Buffalo.—Tom Sayers never fought to Tom Paddock. In 1854 a match was proposed between Sayers and Paddock, the latter putting up \$200 to Sayers' £100, but the match was never arranged.

E. D., Rochester, N. Y.—1. Old Dutch Sam was born in London, Eng., April 4, 1875, and died July 3, 1884. 2. He beat Caleb Baldwin Aug. 7, 1884, Tom Belcher Feb. 8, 1886, and again on Aug. 21, 1887. 3. Yes.

G. S., Ocean, N. Y.—1. Traps for pigeon-shooting are worked by electricity. 2. J. J. King worked a set of traps by electricity at the shooting for members and visitor cups at Rockaway, N. Y., on April 21, 1883.

T. K., Lockport, N. Y.—The \$1,000 that Paddy Ryan backed himself with against John L. Sullivan was provided by Richard K. Fox, and handed to him before the fight by the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE.

D. E., Watertown, N. Y.—1. The last game between Chicago and Providence was played at Fort Wayne, Ind., Oct. 24, 1882. Chicago won. Score 19 to 7. 2. John C. Homan weighed 192 lbs the day he fought Tom King.

S. M., Trenton, N. J.—Bill Perry, the "Tipton Slasher," was champion of England in 1850, but lost the title in 1851. He claimed the championship again in 1853 and held it up to 1857, when he was defeated by Tom Sayers.

H. W., Toronto, Canada.—1. Charley McDonald did not train Paddy Ryan to fight John L. Sullivan. 2. McDonald hails from Canada, but never fought for the championship, but he is a boxer, and was defeated by Steve Taylor.

G. W., Cincinnati.—Since Haulan won the single-scull race in 1876, at the Centennial regatta, at Philadelphia, he has lost five races in America, but in no one of them was fairly outwitted, his defeats being due to accident, illness, or fraud.

G. M., Rome, N. Y.—1. Ben Cantat never fought a battle in the prize ring in this city or country. 2. Bob Cantat fought in this country and was defeated by Yankee Sullivan. 3. Yes, Ben Cantat was in America and gave sparring exhibitions.

D. W., Cadillac, Mich.—1. Hecan after he was matched to fight John Morrissey in 1858, for the championship of America, did make his headquarters at Jim Hughes' Rock Cottage Hotel. 2. It was then located at One Hundred and Tenth street, N. Y.

T. S., Montpelier.—Edward Haulan has twice defeated Wallace Ross in a match race of 5 miles, at Toronto, Canada, Oct. 15, 1877, and at St. John, N. B., July 31, 1878. Ross defeated Haulan in the International regatta, held at Providence, R. I., June, 1880.

D. L., St. Louis, Mo.—1. Frenchy Johnson, the colored carman, who recently died of consumption, beat Chas. E. Courtney. 2. In a regatta at Silver Lake, Mass., Aug. 15, 1878, J. H. Riley, Ellis Ward, and J. F. Sullivan also defeated Courtney in the same race.

S. O., Racine, Wis.—The prize fight between Con. Orme and Patsy Marley, at Port Penn, Del., Oct. 27, 1883, ended in a draw, owing to the fact that the military broke into the ring and broke up the affair by firing on the crowd that had assembled to witness the mill.

S. T., Cincinnati, O.—1. The full size of pool-balls varies with different dealers. Regular pool-balls average 2½ in., and the end pocket should be 5 in. and the center 5½ in. 2. The standard size for pool tournaments is 4½ for corners and 4½ for center and 2-5-16 size of balls.

R. P., Laredo, Texas.—The combination that appeared in San Antonio were: John L. Sullivan, Steve Taylor, Pete McCoy, Mike Gillespie, boxer; with Al Smith, manager; Frank Moran, master of ceremonies; Jacob Munzinger, treasurer, and Hugh Coyle, advance agent.

J. S., Boston, Mass.—1. John L. Sullivan stands 5 ft 10½ in in height. 2. The stallion, Maxey Cobb, was driven at Hartford, Conn., Aug. 28, to beat Smuggler's record, 2:15½, made over the

same track in 1878. Cobb made a mile in 2:15, and was enthusiastically applauded.

D. S., Detroit, Mich.—The last fight for the feather-weight championship of America was between Johnny Keating, of Cincinnati, O., formerly of Brooklyn, and Dick Hollywood, of New York, April 27, 1888. Keating's arm was broken during the battle and Hollywood was the winner.

A. S., Washington, D. C.—1. Paddy Ryan and Jimmy Elliott were never matched to fight. 2. Prior to the arranging of the match between Joe Goss and Paddy Ryan, Elliott challenged the latter, and Ryan made the match with Goss, giving him the preference.

3. Bill Poole was shot Feb. 25, 1855. He died March 8, 1855.

D. M., Hornellsville, N. Y.—Toomer's time made when he rowed Wallace Ross is not the best time on record. This stipulated distance question is all humbug. Toomer can row 5 miles just as well, if in condition, as 4 miles. He has first-class staying powers, and his race with Ross proved it, for at the finish of the 4 miles he was a great deal fresher than his opponent.

G. L., Albany, N. Y.—Jumbo, P. T. Barnum's great elephant, arrived in New York from London, England, on board the steamship Assyrian Monarch, on Sunday, April 9, 1883, and was taken to Madison Square Garden, Twenty-seventh street and Fourth avenue, the same night, where he was put on exhibition with the Barnum and London show the following Monday afternoon.

D. D., Austin, Texas.—Edward S. Stokes was first brought to trial on June 19, 1872. The jury disagreed, standing seven for murder, and five for acquittal. The case came up again on Dec. 18, 1872. The verdict this time was guilty, and on the anniversary of his crime, Jan. 6, 1873, he was sentenced to be hanged on Feb. 29 following. He got a new trial on Oct. 13, 1873, and the result of this trial was that he was sentenced to four years in State Prison.

B. D., Leadville, Ky.—At the time Grant was appointed to the supreme command of the armies in 1864, leaving Nashville (where he was replaced by W. T. Sherman) for Washington, where he put himself at the head of the Army of the Potomac, he had created for him the title and rank of General, meaning Commander-in-chief. Sherman was a Major-General, and so remained until Grant's election to the Presidency, when he succeeded to the command of the army, and took Grant's office and title.

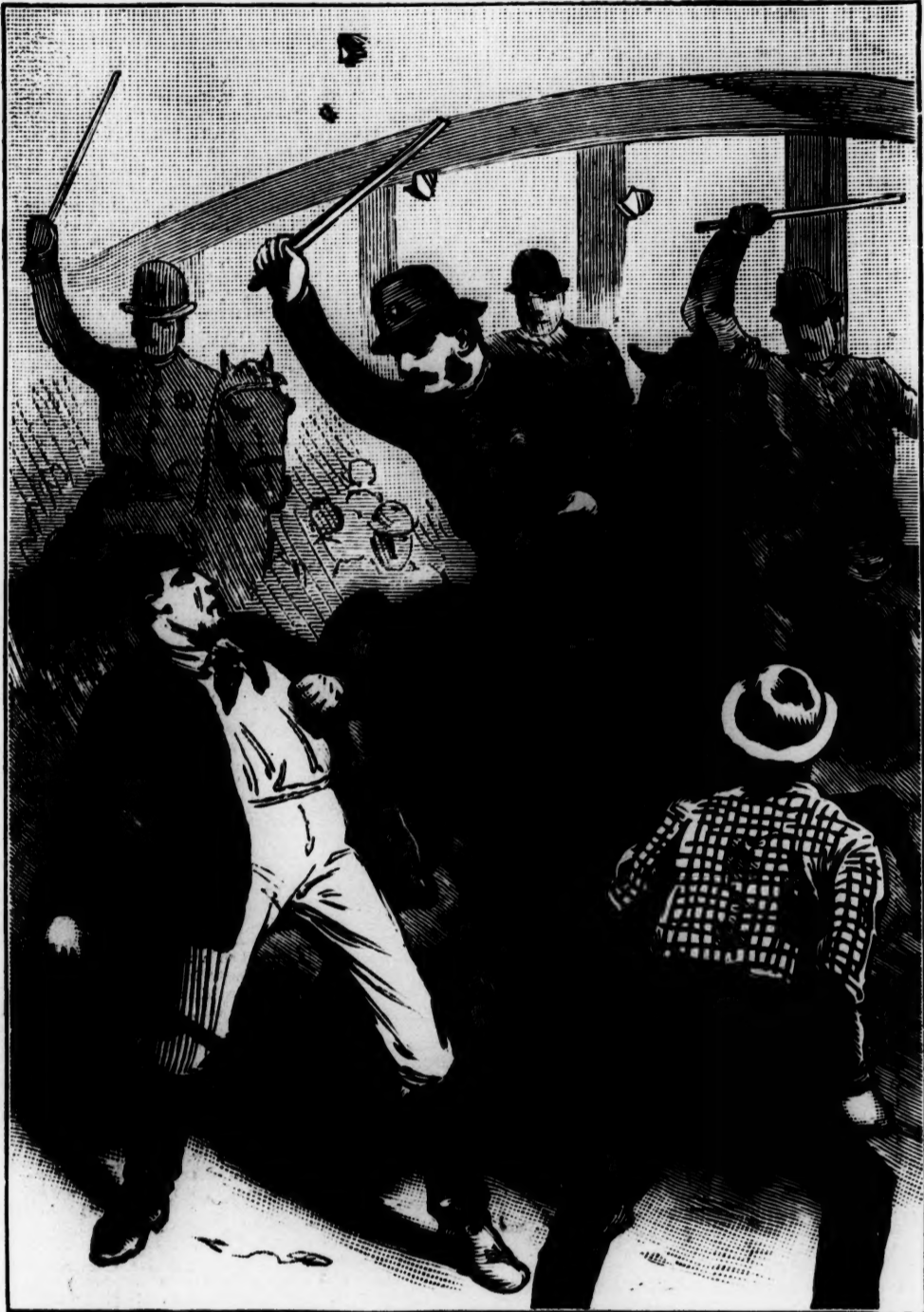
S. J., Rutland, Vt.—The United States is 100 years old; Great Britain, dating from William the Conqueror, 800 years; France, dating from Charlemagne, 1,100 years; Germany and Austria the same, and Russia, dating from Peter the Great, 350 years. In round numbers the population of the United States, upward of 50,000,000, is greater than that of any of the above nations, except Russia; its wealth, agricultural production and the value of its manufactures far ahead of any.

J. D., Baltimore, Md.—1. Drake Carter carried 115 lbs the day he won the Autumn cup—a dash of 3 miles—at Coney Island Jockey Club Grounds, on Sept. 7. 2. Drake Carter ran the distance in 5:24. Lida Stanhope was the fastest race on record at 3 miles, previous to Drake Carter's, and Kolo's 5:25½ (four), 120 lbs, was the best, but Drake Carter's performance takes precedence over all, and is the fastest and best ever run at the distance, and bids fair to remain so for many years to come. The following are the fastest records at the distance:

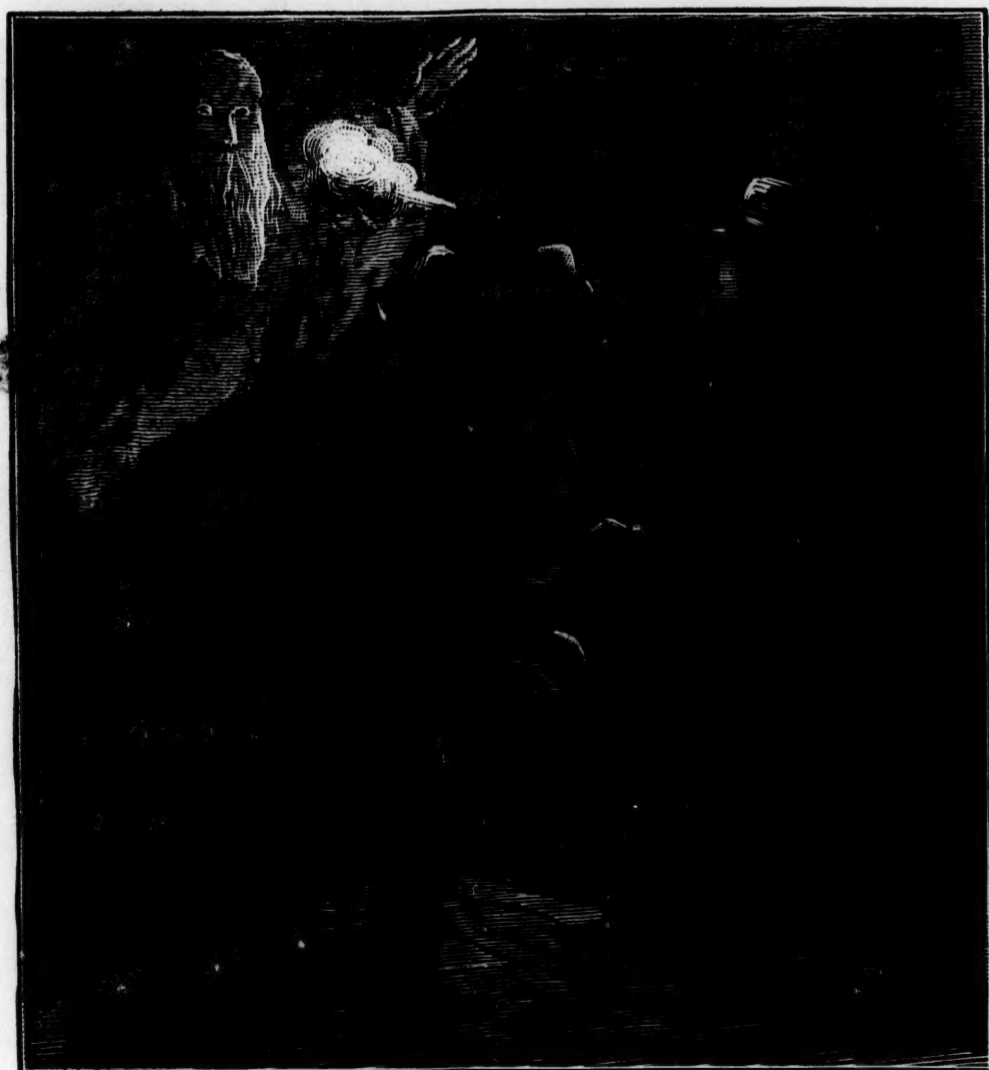
**Frank E. Hutchings.**

Frank Ernest Hutchings, who suffered the extreme penalty of the law at San Francisco, Cal., on Sept. 12, for the murder of his mistress, Phoebe Jeanette Peck-Simms, committed the crime on the evening of the 18th of July last, in her room at the Brown House, on Howard

street. There were no witnesses of the deed, and little noise was made in the brief struggle between the murderer and his victim. Hutchings was able to leave the house unobserved, and might possibly have escaped, if he had desired, but he walked to the Central Pacific Hotel, on Fourth street, where he had been staying, and told the clerk that he had killed a

**ROWDY PICNICKERS**

THE RAID OF THE POLICE ON THE FESTIVE MEMBERS OF THE FLEETWOOD ASSOCIATION, WHO MADE NIGHT HIDEOUS AT MORRISANIA, N. Y.

**A GHOST STORY.**

THE WONDERFUL APPARITION [THAT TWO MILWAUKEE POLICE OFFICERS CLAIM TO BE IMPERVIOUS TO SHOTS AND BLOWS,

**IKKE BUZZARD,**

THE LEADER OF THE BAND OF DESPERADOES THAT TERRORIZED LANCASTER CO., PA.

woman and was going to give himself up. He then went out, found Officer Videau, and taking him by the arm, said:

"I have murdered a woman."

The officer thought it hardly possible that a man who had just committed such a crime could be so apparently unconcerned about it, and, doubting his statement, he asked:

"Who was the woman?"

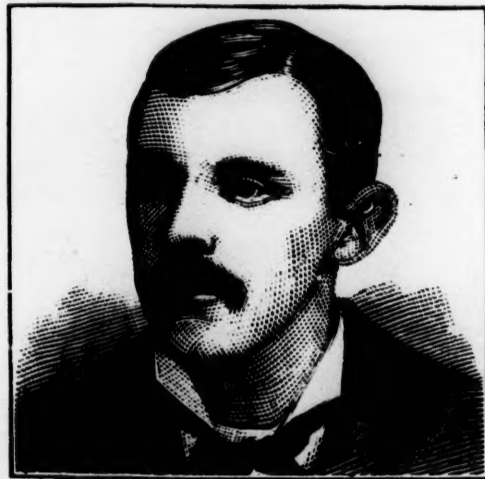
"Oh, my woman, and I hope to God she is dead."

Officer Videau took Hutchings to the police station, and then, accompanied by Sergeant Cullen, went by direction of the murderer to the Brown House, room 23, where they found the murdered woman lying on the floor, her head resting on a pillow, a wet towel lying over her forehead and a silk handkerchief twisted tightly around her neck and tied in a double knot. She was dead.

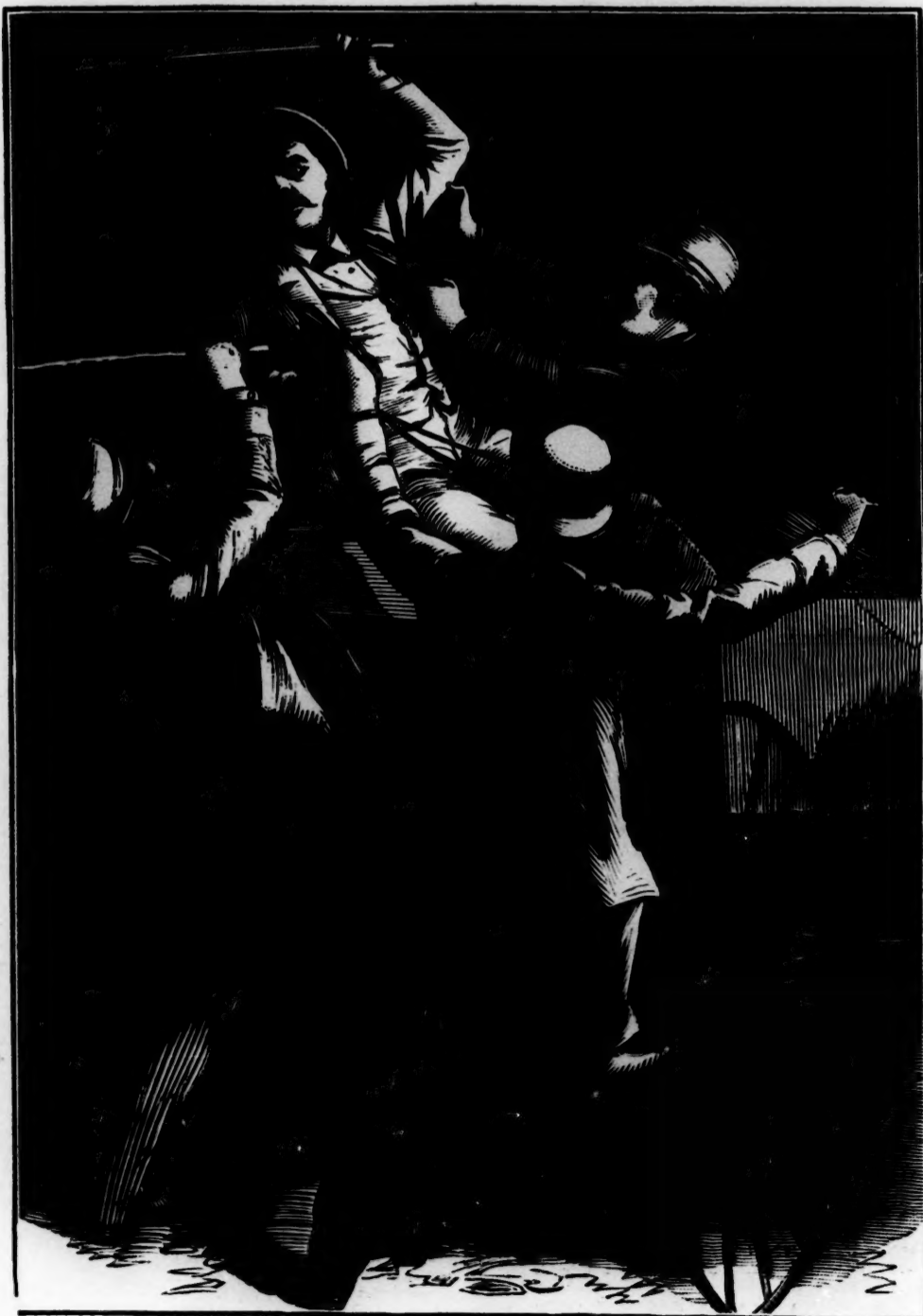
The prisoner showed the utmost coolness during his imprisonment and trial, and met his fate with stoical indifference. The night before his execution he had a long interview with a San Francisco reporter in which he told the story of his life.

He said his father was lost at sea before he was born and his mother died in nine or ten months after he was born. He was adopted by somebody at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where he was born, and finally went to sea. Later on he lived at Washington. There he met the Peck family, mother and two daughters.

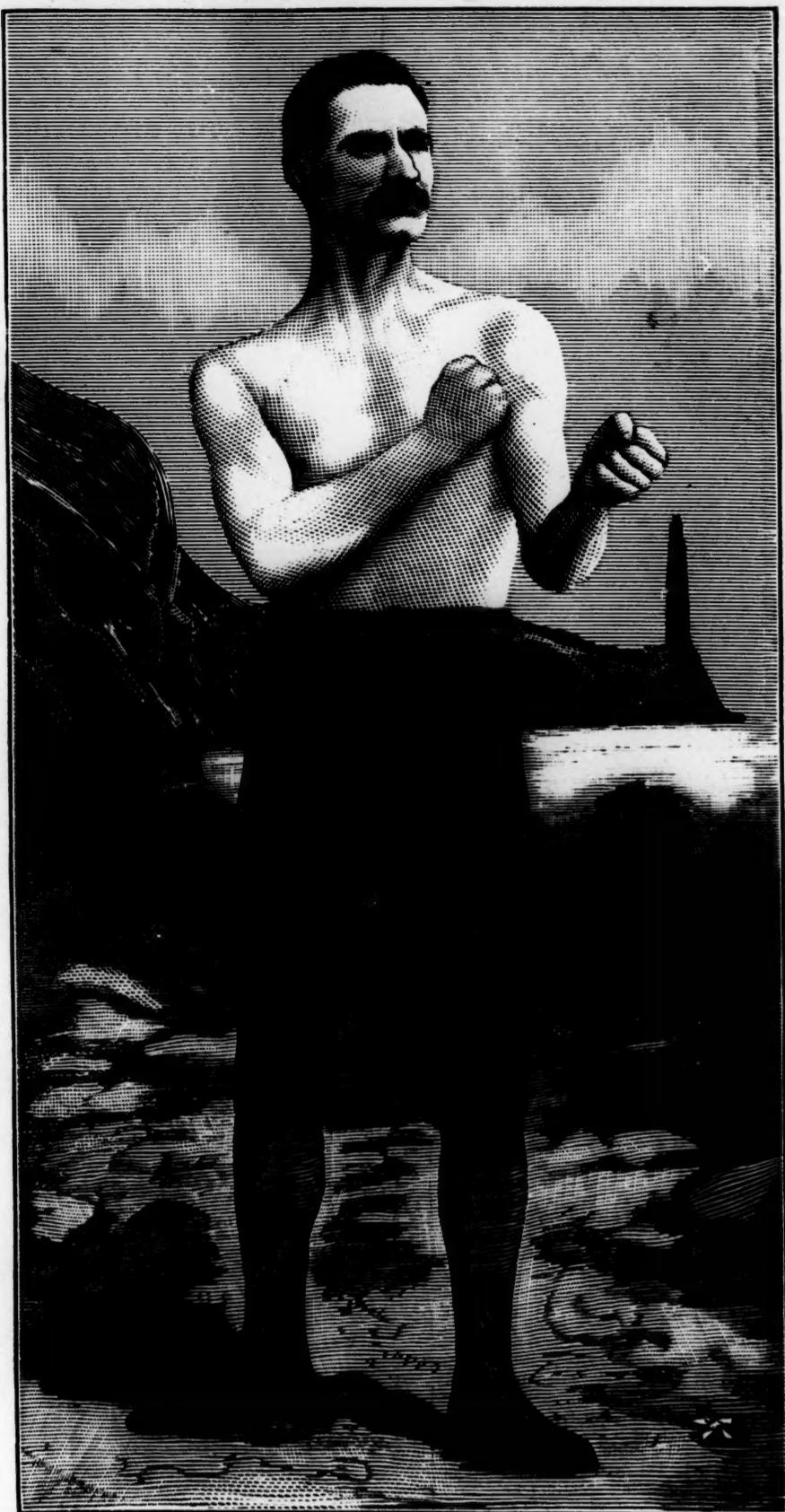
He first paid attentions to the eldest daughter, and finally changed from her to Nettle, the one whom he killed. He did not lead a very regular life in Washington. He went on sprees and was once or twice arrested for small offenses. Once he was imprisoned for sixty days. Finally Nettle threw off on him and he went to sea, shipping on a man-of-war. After he had gone Nettle married a man named Simms. But she had not forgotten Hutchings, and after her husband died, leaving her with two children, she began writing all over the world to Hutchings. At last a letter reached him. He was on the Wauchusett, at Mare Island, seventy-five dollars worse off than nothing. He wrote to Nettle that he was in debt and did not have a cent to his name, but if she wanted to come to him to come along. So she and her mother came out to San Fran-

**FRANK E. HUTCHINGS,**

THE WOMAN STRANGLER, HANGED AT SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SEPT. 12.

**WHALING A WHIP.**

JOHN MURPHY, THE WELL-KNOWN HORSEMAN, BRUTALLY ATTACKED BY A PARTY OF DRUNKEN TALLY-HOOKERS.



JACK CAVANAGH,

THE EX-CHAMPION LIGHT-WEIGHT FUGLIST OF AUSTRALIA, WHO IS NOW THE JOLLY HOST OF A BALTIMORE SPORTING HOUSE.

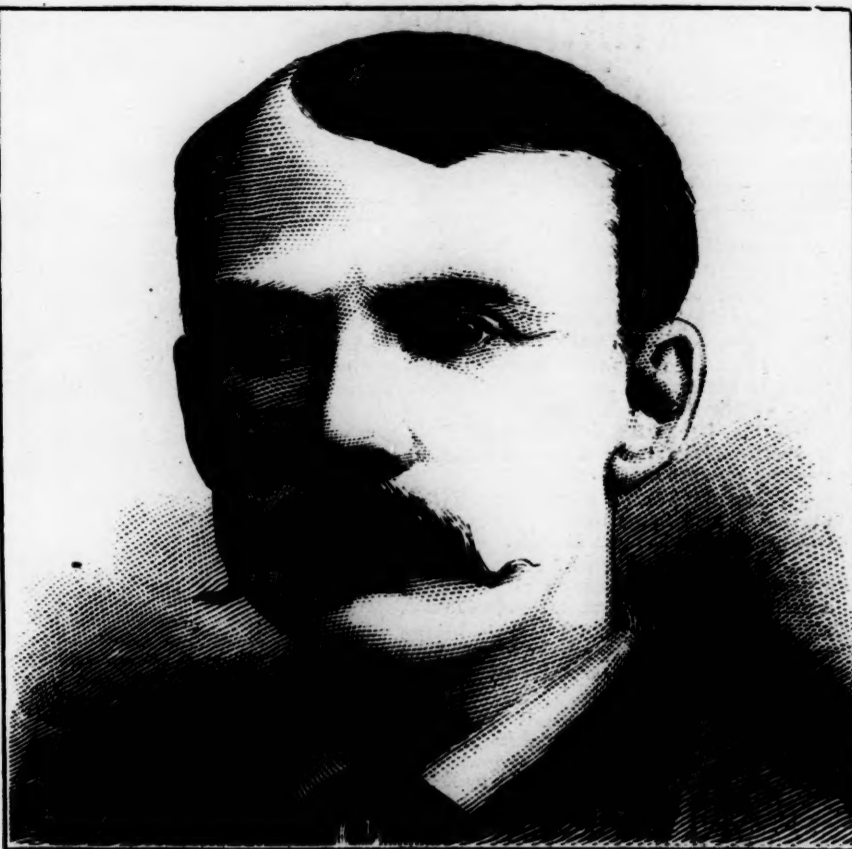
## Achille Phillon.

Achille Phillon was born in the village of St. Martine, near Montreal, Canada, in 1851, and is consequently thirty-three years of age. When but two years old his parents removed to Ottawa, where he was brought up. In 1865 he was appointed a clerk in the Ottawa post-office, where he remained until the spring of 1872. While at college as well as during the time he was employed in the post-office, he would

spend all his spare moments practicing gymnastics and juggling, for which he had a great liking, and having become quite an expert in the above, he determined to leave the Civil Service and follow the show business. On the 1st of April, 1872, he resigned his position in the Ottawa post-office, and on the 18th of the same month he joined "the combination then known as "Washburn's Last Sensation," with which company he traveled until the fall of 1872. On Nov. 11 of the same year he sailed for the West Indies with "Hudson's North and South American Circus," visiting Trinidad, Barbadoes, Martinique, Guadalupe, Demetara, St. Thomas, Porto Rico, and a number of other colonies, returning by way of Halifax, N. S., and thence through Canada, until the company reached Montreal, where the season closed. During the season of 1873 and 1874, Achille Phillon fulfilled successful engagements in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and all principal cities in the United States. In March, 1874, he again sailed for the West Indies, but this time on his own account, taking with him a small specialty company. Having attained proficiency in the art of legerdemain, he gave up the dangerous gymnastic work, and next appeared as a "prestidigitator." In April, 1875, he took to himself a life-partner, and from that time Prof. Phillon (as he was then known), assisted by Mrs. Emma Phillon, traveled almost exclusively through the West Indies and South America, giving the entire evening's entertainment with the assistance of a pianist only, until the beginning of 1881, when they returned to this country. For the two following seasons they played engagements in the United States and Canada, until the 1st of September, 1883, when Prof. Phillon took a lease of Pope's Hall, in Paterson, N. J., and opened it under the name of Phillon's Dime Museum, which proved an instantaneous success. He then leased Passaic Island, which is situated in the middle of the Passaic river, and in the very heart of the City of Paterson, and after fitting it up with an elegant summer theatre, a race-course, carrouseis, scups, shooting-gallery and innumerable other amusements, he opened it on May 24, 1884, and called it Phillon's Little Coney Island. Besides giving performances every afternoon and evening in the summer theatre, prizes are given away for sports and games of all description every week, and Little Coney Island is now one of the most popular resorts in the State of New Jersey. Prof. Phillon is now erecting an elegant new theatre in Paterson, which will be known as the People's theatre, and which he expects to open on Oct. 20.

## James K. Polk Parry.

James Knox Polk Parry was born in Bristol, Bucks county, Pa., Aug. 3, 1845. He has a record of running 75 yards in 7 1/4 seconds; ran all best runners of his day; out of ninety races was beaten once by Cozad; never lost a game of quoits; is open to pitch any one 2 1/2 pound quoits from 5 to 21 yards, for \$100 a game; is a first-class pigeon-shot, having won several matches from good shooters, is an expert at all games. He is now keeping the Gentlemen's Driving Park, Bridgeport, Ct.



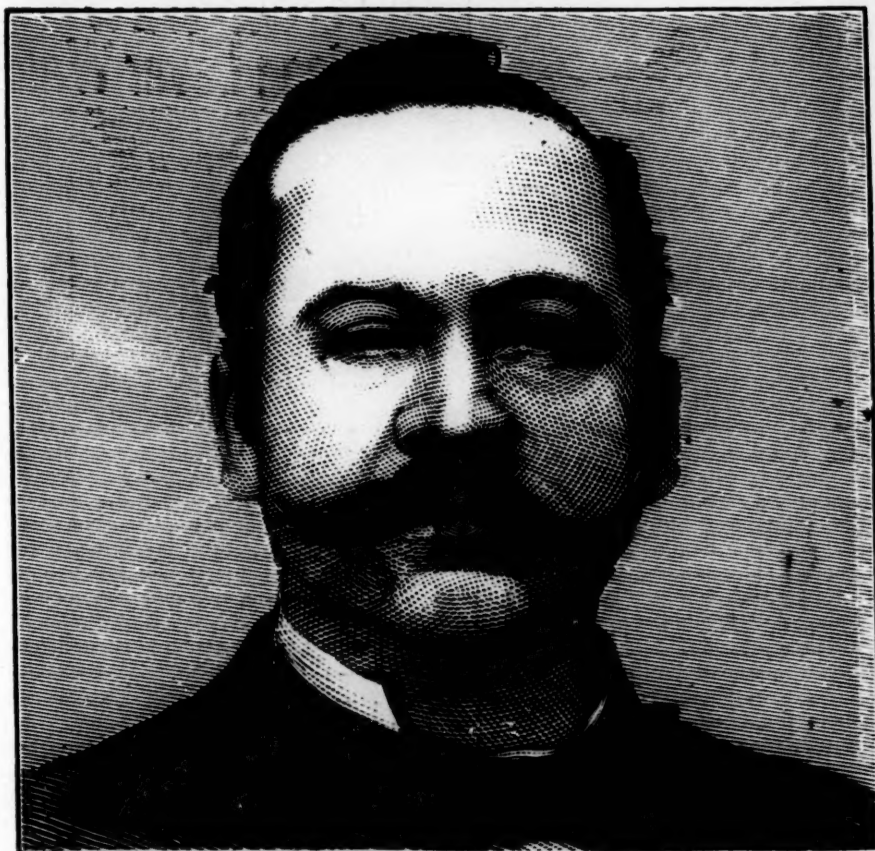
ALFRED LAKELAND,

THE CELEBRATED JOCKEY AND HORSE-TRAINER.



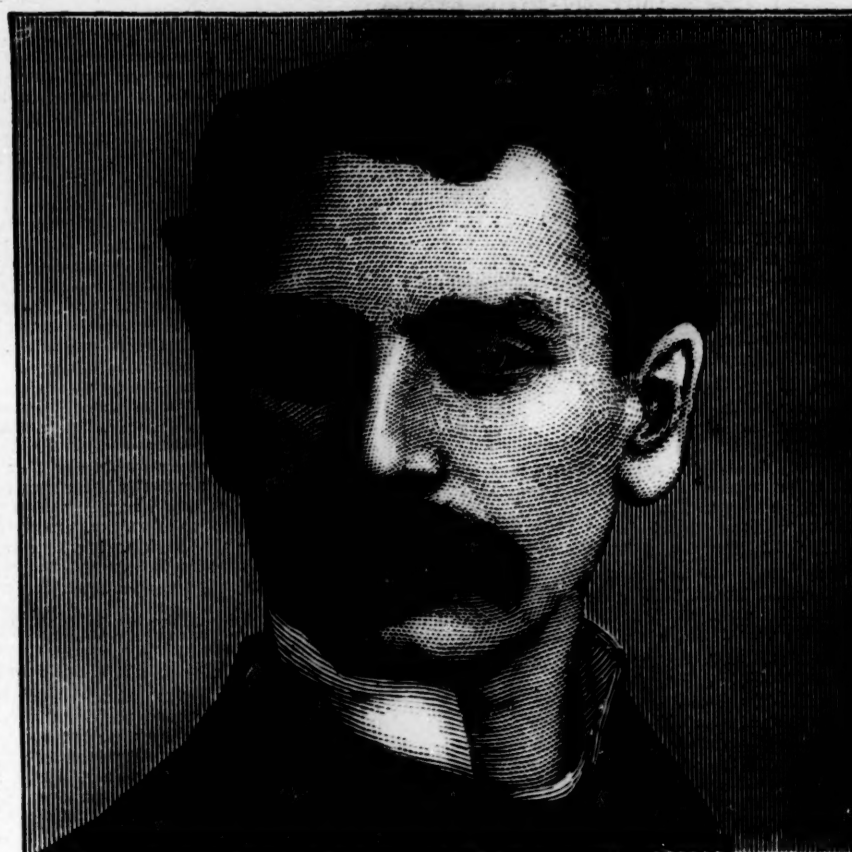
"SNYDER,"

THE CHAMPION 22-POUND DOG OF LACKAWANNA CO., PA.



JAMES KNOX POLK PARRY,

A WELL-KNOWN SPORTING MAN AND BONIFACE OF BRIDGEPORT, CONN.



ACHILLE PHILLON,

THE POPULAR MANAGER OF THE LITTLE CONEY ISLAND SUMMER THEATRE.

## SPORTING NEWS.

It is intended that this page shall be a summary of all the sporting news and gossip current in the United States. Every reader of the POLICE GAZETTE is cordially invited to contribute such information of this kind as he may acquire in his neighborhood.

★ Sam Moores, of Pendleton, Eng., is in America.

★ Gen. Sheridan is president of the Washington Park Jockey Club, of Chicago.

★ See Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings for "The Prince of Wales' Pals." Out Saturday, Sept. 27.

★ In the League race the Providence Club now have a lead which assures them of the championship.

★ C. F. Beckwith, of Elmira, N. Y., is credited with clearing sixteen chairs at one jump, with roller skates upon his feet.

★ Clarence Whistler issues a challenge to wrestle any man in the world, catch-as-catch-can or Græco-Roman style, for \$2,500 a side.

★ H. M. Broderick, of New Orleans, La., offers to match an Unknown to run any man in America, 200 yards, for from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side.

★ The second and final deposit in the proposed prize fight between Hial H. Stoddard and Jack Burke is to be posted in October, after which both pugilists will go into training.

★ The 3-mile single-scutt race between James Ten Eyck, of Peekskill, and Jim Riley, of Saratoga, was rowed on the Hudson river, at Peekskill, N. Y., on Sept. 23. Ten Eyck won by 50 ft in 20m 52 1/2.

★ Edwin Decker, the Vermont collar-and-elbow wrestler, who was fairly defeated by John McMahon in a wrestling match at Lawrence, Mass., for \$500 a side, has sued the final stakeholder for the stakes.

★ Mrs. King, No. 323 West Forty-second street, keeps an admirable English ale house. It is one of the noted sporting resorts. It was established in 1843. All the sporting papers and the POLICE GAZETTE are on file.

★ On Sept. 22, at the Louisville races, the Belle Meade stakes, for two-year-old colts, three-quarters of a mile, were won by Warrenton by a length, Pegasus second, Clay Pale third. Time, 1:17. French pools paid \$143.50.

★ The Island Park races commenced at Albany, N. Y., on Sept. 23. Fides won the 225 class trot in three straight heats. Time—2:22 1/2, 2:22 1/2, 2:22 1/2. Ward Medium won the 237 class trot. Time—2:29 1/2, 2:27 1/2, 2:28 1/2. Electric took the second heat in 2:30 1/2.

★ James Keenan, of Boston, the backer of Norris, the oarsman, Wallace Ross and John Kilrain, states that if the backers of Priddy think that Norris did not beat Priddy on his merits, he will match Norris to row Priddy 3 miles with a turn, for \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side.

★ "The Prowler" in Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings contains the spiciest gossip about the goings-on in high life. Out every Saturday morning.

★ Arthur Mullen, the well-known boxer, of Brooklyn, and famous sporting man, will open his new sporting house, corner of Fulton street and Fulton place, Brooklyn, on Monday evening, Oct. 6. It is elegantly fitted up at tremendous cost, and it will be one of the leading sporting resorts in the City of Churches.

★ It is reported that Dane, of Alpena, Mich., can cover 14 ft 7 in in a standing broad jump. On the strength of the great performance Dane has issued a challenge to jump against any man in the world one single broad jump, six trials, for from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side. Dane will be a capital mark for George W. Hamilton, who can cover 14 ft 9 in in a single standing broad jump.

★ After Al. Smith put up \$500 forfeit for Pete McCoy to fight Duncan C. McDonald for \$1,000 he decided to allow McDonald's backers to claim forfeit because he did not want to go to Butte City. "Put up the money and I will go alone and fight," said McCoy. The money was posted. McCoy traveled alone to Butte City, selected his own trainer and second, and won the battle.

★ Dennis A. Driscoll, of Boston, and John Meagher, of Lawrence, Mass., are matched to walk 10 miles for \$500 a side. Meagher arrived in this city on Sept. 22. He called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and stated he was going to train on the Williamsburgh Athletic Club Grounds, Brooklyn. Meagher, who is the fastest walker in the world, will shortly make an attempt to lower the mile record—4m 23s.

★ At John H. Clark's Club theatre, Philadelphia, on Sept. 20, the wrestling match between Joe Lawler and Wm. Johnson attracted a large crowd. The athletes wrestled collar-and-elbow, "Police Gazette" rules. The struggle was a long and desperate one, and ended in a draw. Three times Lawler got Johnson down on his side, but failed to gain a fall. At 12 P. M. the lights, according to law, had to be put out.

★ W. C. France has expressed himself to the effect that Harry Wilkes could trot the Chicago track in 2:12, and would match him against Jay-Eye-See, and has written Mr. Case and the manager, Mr. Crawford, to that effect, and the probabilities are that you will see a fine race between these two great horses, as Wilkes has shown himself to be both a game and speedy horse, and one worthy to do battle with the "Western Wonder."

★ The postponed 3-mile scull race between Edward Clator, of Wheeling, and Peter Priddy, of Pittsburg, for \$1,000, took place on the Braddock Course, Penn., on Sept. 22. The betting was 2 to 1 in favor of Clator, it being well known that Priddy was not in good condition. At the word "Go!" Priddy took the lead, but before the first half mile had been traversed Clator passed him, and continued in the lead to the finish, winning by three lengths in 21m 5s.

★ See Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings for "Billy, the Boxer." The only five-cent illustrated sensational paper published in America. Out every Saturday morning.

★ Pete McCoy says issuing challenges in the papers in every city in the country, without putting up a forfeit, amounts to nothing. "Any pugilist who wants to fight me can be accommodated with a match by posting \$250 forfeit with Richard K. Fox. I am not looking for reputation, going to give an exhibition, or want an engagement, but I am willing to fight with or without gloves against McCaffrey or any pugilist my weight in the world."

★ The "Police Gazette" Light Guards, who made such a grand parade last Thanksgiving Day and met such a grand reception from the sporting houses and theatres, will again parade next Thanksgiving Day. In the daytime they will shoot for prizes at Lion Park, and in the evening they will parade

through the principal streets with torches and fireworks. Last year they turned out 200 strong, and received more prizes than any company that turned out.

★ The great performance of Pierre Lorillard's Drake Carter has lately caused considerable discussion about the best time made by other horses at the same distance. The following is the record: Drake Carter, four years, 115 lbs, Sheephead Bay, Sept. 7, 1881—5:24. Lida Stanhope, four years, 102 lbs, Saratoga, Aug. 26, 1882—5:25. Thora, three years, 99 lbs, Saratoga, Aug. 27, 1881—5:25 1/2. Ten Broeck, four years, 104 lbs, vs. time, Louisville, Sept. 23, 1876—5:26 1/2. Eole, four years, 120 lbs, Sheephead Bay, Sept. 23, 1882—5:26 1/2. Elias Lawrence, three years, 96 lbs, Saratoga, Aug. 28, 1875—5:28 1/2.

★ See Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings for "The Referee." The only illustrated five-cent sporting paper published. Out every Saturday morning.

★ Letters are lying at this office for the following: L. Alanzopania, C. M. Anderson, Doc. B. ges, Frank Cryser, Mr. Calvin, Harry Dobson, Frank Downee, Miss Annie Duncombe, Wm. Daly, Wm. Delaney, Jack Dempsey, Wm. Edwards (2), Chas. E. Eldred, Dick Garvin, Ed. Gates (2), J. W. Grahame, Paddy Golden, Wm. Jordan, Thos. King (2), Geo. W. Lake, P. M. Kirley, Miss Agnes Leonard, Charley McDonald, Manager Philadelphia Female Baseball Club, Wm. Mantell, Wm. Muldoon (2), John Mackay, Wm. C. McClellan, Michael McCarthy, collar-maker, B. O. Osbin, J. S. Prince, Chas. Pringeton, Mile. St. Quentin, Frank Redfield, John Roonan (2), Hugh Robinson (3), Katie Stokes, Wm. Stoops, Miss Minnie Vernon, Harry Woodson.

★ On Sept. 19 the international bicycle tournament ended at Springfield, Mass. Hendee won the 3-mile, open to all, race in 9m 23 3/5. Sellers won the 5-mile amateur race in 16m 6 3/5. Frazier finished second in 16m 36 3/5. In the 5-mile professional open race, Howell won in 15:32 3/5, Prince second in 15:35 1/5. The half-mile dash of the 132 class was hot and close, William Wait, of New Haven, winning in 1:20 3/5; D. Edgar Hunter, of Beverly, second in 1:20 4/5. In the tug-of-war Hendee was first in 2:48 1/2, Norton second in 2:49, and Bidwell, of Hartford, third in 2:49 3/5. In the 3-mile record race, Gaskell won in 9:02 1/5, Frazier second in 9:03 1/5. In the 5-mile professional record race, Howell led at the end of each mile. His time was 15:02 2/5; Woodside's, 15:11 2/5; Ashinger's, 15:27 2/5. The 3-mile tri-cycle race was won by R. Chambers in 10:07. The 1-mile consolation race was won by Jenness, of Rye Beach, N. H., in 2:32.

★ The following is a list of visitors to this office for the past week: Jack Dempsey, Gus Tuthill, Frank Stevenson, Harry Munson, Prof. McGlennon; W. A. Gilbert, Jacksonville, Fla.; Joaquin Miller, "The Cabin," Washington, D. C.; Wm. F. McCoy, D. Keller, Steve Taylor, Geo. Young, Chris. Wannop, John Finlayson, Walter Watson, Tom McAlpine, the "Stiff Un," John Meagher, champion pedestrian, Lawrence, Mass.; E. Rosenfeld, Manhattan R. News Co.; Arthur Mullen, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Tom Ferguson, Geo. E. Sands, Billy O'Donnell, Alf. Lunt, Dominick McCaffrey, Billy O'Brien, John J. Flynn; Robert Mackay, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Matthew McElroy, Dr. Thomas, John Cordukes, of Frank Leslie's, Steve O'Donnell, Matsuda Sorakichi, M. J. McAuliffe, Gus Hill, Gus Lippman, Chas. N. Poliak, Col. H. H. Hadley, Frank Cryser, Fiddler Neary, Bob Turnbull, Joe Howard, Jack Flynn, Edward G. Brown, Savannah Boat Club; James Burns, Rochester, N. Y.; Jim McHugh, Tommy Barnes, Bob Smith, Henry Falk, Wm. H. Delaney, C. B. Hazleton; Thomas Foster, Chicago, Ill.; Jimmy Patterson, Tom Henry, Henry Martin, Mike Donovan, E. F. Mallahan.

★ Australian sporting men believe that Wm. Beach can outrow any oarsman in the world from 3 to 5 miles, while American oarsmen are equally confident that Hanlan can defeat any oarsman in the two hemispheres. In order to settle the question, and bring Hanlan, Beach and the balance of the oarsmen together, Richard K. Fox offers to give a purse of \$1,000, and, in addition, a trophy valued at \$2,500—this latter to be known as the "Police Gazette" single-scutt championship trophy, to be rowed for over a 5-mile course.

There is considerable dissatisfaction existing in regard to the result of the recent international single-scutt race for \$5,000 between Wm. Beach and Ed. Hanlan, champion of the world, decided on the Paramatta river, Australia, Aug. 15 last. The sporting men of America do not believe that Hanlan was beaten on his merits, while advocates from Australia state that not only was Hanlan fairly beaten, but that Beach can defeat any oarsman in the world. Now to prove who really is the champion oarsman of the world, I will give a purse of \$5,000 for a single-scutt race, to be rowed over a 5-mile course, with a turn, to be competed for by Edward Hanlan, Wm. Beach and John Teemer, and, in addition, a championship trophy, value \$2,500, to be known as the "Police Gazette" championship cup, which will be the only emblem of the single-scutt championship of the world. The trophy to be the personal property of any oarsman who shall win it three times in succession. I have made known my proposition to the oarsmen named, and on receiving favorable replies I will make arrangements for the race. RICHARD K. FOX.

★ The Morning Journal of New York, which can boast of a circulation of nearly 150,000, says, in regard to Richard K. Fox's offer to give \$5,000 for Hanlan and Beach to row for, that "Richard K. Fox, the king of the sports, offers a purse of \$5,000 for a single-scutt race to be rowed over a 5-mile course with a turn, to be competed for by Edward Hanlan, the American champion, William Beach, the Australian champion, and John Teemer, the new wonder. In the recent race between Hanlan and Beach on the Paramatta river, in Australia, Hanlan was defeated. His friends claim, however, that he was not beaten fairly. Since then there has been much dissatisfaction between the sports of both continents. It is for the purpose of settling all doubts at rest that Mr. Fox offers the huge purse. In addition to the latter sum he offers a championship cup, valued at \$2,500, which will become the personal property of any oarsman who shall win it three times in succession. Mr. Fox has notified Hanlan, Beach and Teemer of his offer, and on receipt of favorable replies will at once make arrangements for the race."

★ "The War of the Soubrettes." Lotta and Minnie throw down the gauntlet. See Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings, price 5 cents, out Saturday, Sept. 27.

★ At the Coney Island Jockey Club races on Sept. 20, the greatest race of the day was for the Long Island stakes, a sweepstakes for all ages of \$200 each for starters, with \$2,500 added; \$2,000 to the first, \$500 to the second, to which is added the Woodlawn vase, presented by the Messrs. Dwyer, to become the property of the subscriber winning the race two years in succession; sex allowances; 2-mile heats. Starters: Drake Carter, Modesty and Miss Woodford. First heat, pools: Miss Woodford, \$100; the field, \$35. Book-betting: 10 to 3 on Miss Woodford, 4 to 1 against Modesty, 6 to 1 against Drake Carter. Drake Carter immediately went out to make the pace at the start, and it was Olney's evident intention to make it hot

from the outset; but, seeing that the other two were to play a waiting race, he gradually settled down to a fair rating pace. All the running for the first mile and three-quarters was made by Drake Carter. The first quarter was made in 27s, half-mile in 55s, three-quarters in 1:23, mile in 1:53, mile and a quarter in 2:14, mile and a half in 2:40, and mile and three-quarters in 3:06. For the first mile and a half Miss Woodford ran in second place, two lengths behind Drake Carter, with Modesty lying away about four lengths. At the mile and a half Modesty moved up and took second place. Her backers began to cheer, but McLaughlin, with Miss Woodford, waited quietly until well into the straight, and then let her loose. She shot to the front as though her competitors were tied up, and won the heat in a common canter with her ears pricked amid thunders of applause. Drake Carter finished second. Time, 3:33, which is 5 1/2 s slower than Ten Broeck's famous record. Second heat—No auction pools were sold on the heat, and what book-betting there was done was on Modesty for a place, 2 to 1 being offered and taken. The heat was run almost precisely in the same way as its predecessor. Drake Carter took the track at the fall of the flag and made the running, but at a trifling faster pace. He made the quarter in 27 1/2 s; the half-mile, 53 1/2 s; three-quarters, 1:19 1/2 s; mile, 1:45 s; mile and a quarter, 2:12 1/2 s; mile and a half, 2:33 1/2 s; mile and three-quarters, 3:04 s. Modesty was beaten before she had gone a mile and a half. Miss Woodford ran along quietly for a mile and three furlongs, and then made play for Drake Carter, and headed him at the last quarter pole. The mare won the heat and race by 6 lengths. Time, 3:31 1/2. French pools paid—first heat, \$6.85; second heat, \$5.75.

★ A short but unsatisfactory glove contest was decided in the Racket Club in this city on Sept. 23, between Prof. William Bennett, an instructor of boxing of Quebec, and George Rooke. Bennett had come from Canada on a visit, and was boasting of his ability to meet any of the heavy weights in a friendly contest. A purse was subscribed with the proviso that Bennett should meet Rooke. Bennett agreed to do so, and arrangements were made for the pugilists to box according to Queensberry rules. Only a select number of club men were informed of the impromptu contest. Both pugilists were on hand in time. Rooke was attended by Warry Edwards (Billy Edwards' brother), and Bennett was seconded by a well-known sporting man. The principals quickly stripped, and their seconds helped them on with the gloves, which made no pretensions of being padded. They were pretty evenly matched in size, each weighing close to 180 lbs.

ROUND 1—Both men sparred cautiously for an opening, and finally Bennett struck out straight from the shoulder and knocked Rooke flat on his back. The latter rose somewhat dazed, and before he recovered himself was again stretched on the carpet by a terrific blow from Bennett. Time was called and the men went to their corners.

ROUND 2—Rooke was mad and showed it. Bennett was the first to lead out. Rooke parried the blow gracefully, and then struck Bennett a savage blow on the side of his head, splitting his ear. First blood was claimed for Rooke and allowed. The men sparred for wind until time was called. Both men showed the effects of the severe fighting. The betting, which was at first in favor of Bennett, had turned to Rooke. A gentleman offered to bet \$50 to \$100 on him, which was immediately taken.

ROUND 3—After a few seconds' cautious fighting Rooke led and struck Bennett a terrible blow on the mouth and nose, and one man cried: "Great Scott! he has killed him!" He was wrong, however. Bennett swung round with his left and Rooke sprang back just in time to escape a severe blow from Bennett. In doing so, however, he fell and sprained his ankle. His second wanted to stop the fight, but Rooke gamely insisted on carrying it on. It was no use, however, he could hardly stand, and Edwards finally threw up the sponge. This round lasted a minute.

The fight was given to Bennett. There was some dissatisfaction, however, as the spectators held that Rooke was not fairly vanquished, but only accidentally disabled. A neighboring physician was called in. He dressed Rooke's leg and the latter, in company with his second, went to Ned Mallahan's saloon, at Twenty-sixth street and Sixth avenue. Shortly after they left, Bennett, in company with a number of his backers, entered the saloon. He was boasting rather loudly of what he would have done if Rooke had not met with the accident and had given him time to get his comination in. Finally Ned Mallahan said: "Well, New York is not as big as Canada, and if you will just give me twenty-four hours I guess I'll find a man whom you may possibly get your combinations in on." Bennett subsided and said: "Oh, I couldn't think of waiting. I've got to start for Canada tomorrow."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.  
EXCELLENT RESULTS.  
Dr. J. L. Willis, Eliot, Me., says: "Horsford's Acid Phosphate gives most excellent results."

FUR GOODS.

FUR AND SEALSIN GARMENTS.  
C. C. Shayne, the well-known Wholesale Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince Street, New York, will sell elegant Fur Garments at retail at lowest cash wholesale prices this season. This will afford a splendid opportunity to purchase strictly reliable Furs direct from manufacturer, and save retailer's profits. Fashion Book mailed free.

A Great Offer! The "Police Gazette" and the Week's Doings will be mailed in one wrapper to any address for three months on receipt of \$1.50. Address Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square and Dover Street, New York.

JEWELERS.

D. Keller, 24 John Street, N. Y.  
Manufacturer of Medals.  
Special designs will be furnished on application. A large assortment of American Watches in gold and silver cases. Also a full line of Diamonds at the lowest cash prices.

A Great offer! The "Police Gazette" and the Week's Doings will be mailed in one wrapper to any address for three months on receipt of \$1.50. Address Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square and Dover Street, New York.

WATCHES. GENUINE ELGIN or WALTHAM watch, winding watch, \$10.00. Solid gold Waltham watch, \$15.00. Illustrated catalogue free. Williams, 122 Halsted St., Chicago.

CARDS.

YOUNG MAN if you want a pack of Genuine Fancy Transparent Playing Cards that are "in utterly utter," send \$1 bill to Geo. T. Wilson, Box 322, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Great Offer! The "Police Gazette" and the Week's Doings will be mailed in one wrapper to any address for three months on receipt of \$1.50. Address Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square and Dover Street, New York.

No Humberg; Deck 53 Genuine Transparent Cards, funny scenes, hold to light 25c. Curious book for gents, 35c. Both 50c. CARD CO., 202 Park av., Albany, N. Y.

CARDS Sample Book, Premium List, Price List sent free. U. S. CARD CO. Centerbrook, Ct.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

1,000,000 READERS EVERY WEEK!

IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS.

As a national advertising medium the POLICE GAZETTE is unrivaled. It is read by fully a million readers every issue, and has an annual circulation of nearly eight million copies.

Subscribers bind the GAZETTE, and the advertising is so placed that it must be bound in the volume, thus giving it a permanent value. Specimen copies mailed upon request. Prompt attention paid to inquiries and correspondence. Estimates submitted upon application. A trial, as a test of value, is solicited.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements..... \$1.00 per line.  
Reading Notices..... 2.00 " " " "  
Copy for advertisement must be in by Thursday morning in order to insure insertion in following issue. The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14 1/2 inches each, and 2 1/2 inches wide.

ADVERTISING RATES IN WEEK'S DOINGS.  
Advertisements..... \$1.00 per line.  
Reading Notices..... 1.00 " " " "  
The Week's Doings has 8 pages, of 5 columns each, measuring 17 1/2 inches to the column, and 2 1/2 inches wide.

ALL AGATE MEASUREMENT.  
No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contracts.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.

During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers.

EUROPEAN EDITION.

Having completed special arrangements in London, England, over four thousand copies of the GAZETTE and Doings are distributed weekly through my London agency, besides the usual mail to all parts of Europe. Advertisers desiring to reach European sporting men have an unprecedented opportunity to do so through these mediums.

Cash should accompany all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention.

Address all communications  
RICHARD K. FOX,  
New York

SPORTING RESORTS.

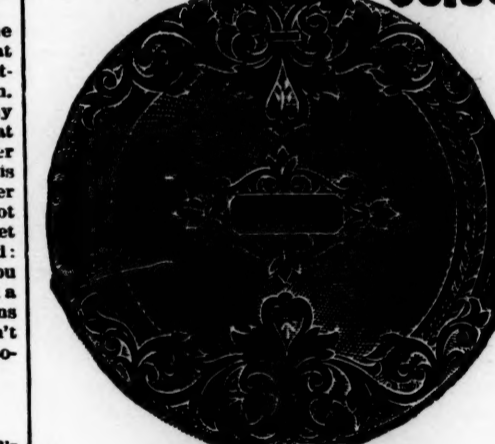
The Irish Giant's Sporting House, 108 Bowery, New York. Capt. James C. Daly, the Irish champion athlete, proprietor. A great show every night. All the Irish champion pugilists and athletes will appear. Seating capacity for 500. Hall well ventilated. Admission free.

Harry Hill's Great Sporting Variety Theatre, 26 East Houston St., New York. Variety and boxing performance every evening. Sacred concert every Sunday night.

A Great Offer! The Broomer-Hannan Prize Fight. A splendid large Engraving, magnificently colored, will be sent anywhere with the Key on receipt of 50 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square and Dover St., New York.

Daisy Hogan's Varieties and Sporting House leads the Pacific Coast, 865 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

A Great Bargain  
A \$15 Watch  
For Only \$8.00



OUR NEW  
American Lever Watch

After months of labor and experiment, we have at last brought to perfection A NEW WATCH. It is a Key Winding Watch with the Celebrated Anchor Lever Movement, Expansion Balance, Fully Jeweled. They are made of the best material, and in the very best manner so as to insure good time-keeping qualities. The Cases are made of our celebrated metal known as A Bismuthum 6-Gold. This metal has a sufficient amount of gold in the composition to give the watch a genuine gold appearance. Indeed it cannot be told from a genuine Gold Watch except by the best judges. They are finely engraved or engine turned and are massive and strong and very handsome, making it just the watch for all who require a good strong watch and an accurate time-keeper. For trading and speculative purposes, it is superior to any watch ever before offered. They can be sold readily for \$15 and \$20 each, and traded for horses, cattle, &c., so as to double those amounts. We send the watch free by registered mail, on receipt of \$4.00 or we will send it C. O. D. on receipt of \$1.00 on account, the balance can be paid at the express office. We also have very fine Aluminum Gold Chains at \$1.00 each. Beautiful Medallion Charms at 50 Cents. We have hundreds of testimonials but have room for only a few.

WORLD MANUFACTURING CO. Menlo Park, Cal. Jan. 3, 1894.  
Gents:—The \$3.00 Aluminum Gold Watch gives perfect satisfaction. I enclose \$30.00 for 9 more watches balance to be C. O. D. Send at once. Respectfully, Henry Bralshaw.

WORLD MANUFACTURING CO. Gunnison, Col. Jan. 16, 1894.  
Sirs:—Some months ago I purchased one of your \$3.00 New American Lever Watches and I sold it for \$25.00. Please send me another. Enclosed find cash. Yours, H. J. Green.

W. H. Warr, Woodburn, Ky., July 23, 1893. Write:—The two New American Lever Watches purchased from you received all right. Sold at once for \$15.00 each. Send all orders to  
WORLD MANUFACTURING CO.,  
122 Nassau Street, New York.

It is seldom that we meet with an article that so fully corresponds with its advertised good qualities as does the New American Lever Watch. It has the advantage of being made of that precious metal Aluminum Gold; its works are excellent and the general style of the case rank it with the best Watches made anywhere. We recommend it to our readers as a watch that will give entire satisfaction.

## MEDICAL.

## Dr. H. FRANZ

The Well-known Specialist,

and proprietor and consulting physician of the New York Botanic Medical Institute, 513 3d Ave., New York City, has made the treatment of PRIVATE DISEASES of MEN a special study and practice for many years. Over 4,000 cases treated yearly. Recent cases of private diseases cured in a short time. Ulcers, Hemorrhoids, Bleaches on Face or Body cured without giving mercury or other poisons. Mercury is the curse of the human race. Your children will suffer from its effect. Avoid it as you would any deadly drug. These diseases are being cured at this Institute without mercury.

Dr. FRANZ is a graduate of a regular Medical College, is well known over the United States and Canada by thousands of old and young men he has cured, and it is a well-known fact that for years he has confined himself to the study and treatment of Sexual and Chronic Diseases, thus giving him advantages that few possess. Dr. FRANZ addresses himself particularly to those who have already tried various physicians and remedies from whom they have received no benefits, and who, in fact, have done them more harm than good. Medicine, like all other sciences, is progressive, and every year shows proof of its advance. By a combination of remedies of great curative power, Dr. FRANZ has so arranged his treatment that it will afford not only immediate relief, but permanent cures.

**YOUNG MEN** Who are suffering from the effects of youthful indiscretions showing some of the following symptoms: Nervous and Physical Debility, Impotence (Incapacity), Loss of Manhood, Abuses of the System, Exhausted Vitality, Confusion of Ideas, Dull and Loss of Brilliance to the Eye, Aversion to Society, Despondency, Euphoria on the Face, Loss of Energy and Frequenting of the Urinary Organs. You may be in the first stage, but remember you are fast approaching the last. Many a bright and naturally gifted young man, endowed with genius, has permitted his case to run until remorse has racked his intellect, and finally death claimed its victim. Remember that "Prostration is the Thief of Time," so lay aside your pride, and consult one who thoroughly understands your ailment, and who will know how to give you a permanent cure. Let us know what has made you a drugger and night hider. Thousands upon thousands of men, in good standing in the social world, are to-day suffering from the fruits of their doings, the seeds of which were sown during moments of thoughtlessness. Young men, turn your gaze upon the companion, or seek the mirror for proofs to substantiate this fact. Oh! could he control the arm of Fate, or had he his life to live over again, then I could not appeal to you more sincerely. Let your mind go back to the much cherished counsel of a loving father, and remember what you are to-day. Though you may for the present fill your station in society, the time is as inevitable as fate when your brilliancy will like a flash depart, leaving you a stranded wreck—desolate, forgotten, and lost; so embrace the opportunity and enjoy life and happiness longer. If you claim to be a man act your part manly. Do not console yourself with the thought that Nature will help itself, for in doing so you not only fan the flame, but wreck Nature and yourself. Remember, "large oaks from little acorns grow," "little evils germinate into great plagues."

**MIDDLE-AGED MEN** Married or single, who are prematurely old, as a result of excesses or youthful follies, and who are troubled by too frequent evacuations of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight smarting or burning sensation, and finding a deposit ofropy sediment in the urine, and sometimes small particles of albumen will appear, or the color will first be of a thin or milky hue, and again changing to a dark and torpid appearance, causing nervous debility and loss of vitality. Remember, this is the second stage of Seminal Weakness. In all such cases a perfect cure is guaranteed, and a radical restoration of the Genito-Urinary Organs. All interviews and letters are sacredly confidential, but all letters must have \$1 inclosed for advice, or they will not be answered. Advice and examination at Institute \$1 without medicine. No humbug business here, no advice and medicine for a dollar. All charges according to case or monthly. No physician that gives you first-class treatment can afford to give you his time and also medicine for a dollar. Investigate yourself and find your mistake. Cheap medicines and cheap doctors are no good. Medicines packed so as not to excite curiosity, and sent by express, if full description of case is given, but one personal interview in all cases preferred. Call early and avoid crowding. Office hours, 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., 6 to 8 P. M. Sundays, 10 A. M. to 2 P. M. Please mention in what paper you saw this notice.

## ERRORS OF YOUTH.

## SUFFERERS FROM

Nervous Debility, Youthful Indiscretions, Lost Manhood, BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN!

Many men, from the effects of youthful imprudence, have brought about a state of weakness that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other disease, and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever being suspected, they are doctored for everything but the right one. Notwithstanding the many valuable remedies that medical science has produced for the relief of this class of patients, none of the ordinary modes of treatment effect a cure. During our extensive college and hospital practice we have experimented with and discovered new and concentrated remedies. The accompanying prescription is offered as a certain and speedy cure, as hundreds of cases in our practice have been restored to perfect health by its use after all other remedies failed. Perfectly pure ingredients must be used in the preparation of this prescription.

R-Cocain (from Erythroxylon coca), ½ drachm.  
Jervoholm, 12 grains.  
Helonias Dioica, 12 drachm.  
Gelsemin, 8 grains.  
Ext. Ignatie amara (alcoholic), 2 grains.  
Ext. Lepidandra, 2 scruples.

Mix.  
Make 60 pills, and take 1 pill at 3 p. m., and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nerveless condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

As we are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry relative to this remedy, we would say to those who would prefer to obtain it from us, by remitting \$1, a securely sealed package containing 60 pills, carefully compounded, will be sent by return mail from our private laboratory, or we will furnish 6 packages, which will cure most cases, for \$5.

Address or call on  
**New England Medical Institute,**  
24 TREMONT ROW,  
BOSTON, MASS.



A MEDICAL WORK TO BE GIVEN AWAY, showing sufferers how they may be cured and recover health, strength and vigor WITH THE AID OF MEDICINE, will be sent free by post on receipt of stamped directed envelope. Address Secretary Electro Medical Company, 445 Canal St., New York.

**A Great Offer! The "Police Gazette" and the Week's Doings** will be mailed in one wrapper to any address for three months on receipt of \$1.50. Address Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square and Dover Street, New York.

**Dr. Fuller's Youthful Vigor Pills.** For lost manhood, impotence and nervous debility; \$2 sent by mail. Dr. Fuller, 429 Canal St., N. Y.

## MEDICAL.



**Tarrant's Compound** Extract of CUBBERS AND COCAIBA. This compound is superior to any preparation hitherto invented, combining in a very highly concentrated state the medicinal properties of the Cubbers and Cocaiba. One recommendation of this preparation enjoys over all others its neat, portable form, put up in pots, the mode in which it may be taken is both pleasant and convenient, being in the form of a paste, tasteless, and does not impair the digestion. Prepared only by TARRANT & CO., New York. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

**Health is Wealth.** Dr. E. C. West's Nervous and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed Specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death; Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhea, caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment, \$1 a box, or six boxes for \$5; sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with \$5, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued by West & Co. Orders filled by sole agent, A. J. DITMAN, Chemist, Astor House, Broadway and Barclay Street, New York.

## 30 DAYS' TRIAL FREE.

**DR. DYE'S** ELECTRIC VOLTAIC BELT, and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES. We will send Thirty Days' Trial, MEN, YOUNG OR OLD, who are suffering from Nervous Debility, Impotence, and other diseases of the Genital Nature, resulting from ABUSES and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete restoration to Health, Vigor and MANHOOD GUARANTEED. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet, free. Address **VOLTAIC BELT CO.,** Marshall, Mich.

**A Positive Cure without medicine.** Patented Oct. 16, 1876. One box will cure the most obstinate case in four days or less. **ALLAN'S SOLUBLE MEDICATED BOLLIGES.** No nauseous cathartics, no irritating oil of sandalwood, that are certain to produce dyspepsia by destroying the coatings of the stomach. Price, \$1.50. Sold by all druggists or mailed on receipt of price. For further particulars send for circular. P. O. Box, 1,533. J. C. ALLAN CO., 38 John St., N. Y.

## CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, as strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWENTY BOTTLES of my medicine FREE OF CHARGE to any person who will send me a letter stating that they are afflicted with CONSUMPTION. Address **DR. T. A. SLOOM,** 101 Pearl St., N. Y.

## Manhood Restored.

Victims of youthful imprudence, causing Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all disorders brought on by indiscretion or excess, will learn of a simple remedy, free, by addressing **J. H. REEVES,** 43 Chatham St., N. Y.

## ERRORS OF YOUTH.

Prescription Free for the speedy cure of Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, and all disorders brought on by indiscretions or excesses. Any Druggist has the ingredients. Address **DAVIDSON & CO.,** No. 78 Nassau Street, New York.

**Nervous Exhaustion.**—A Medical Essay, comprising lectures delivered at Kahn's Museum of Anatomy on the cause and cure of premature decline, showing how lost health may be regained, affording a clear synopsis of impediments to marriage and the treatment of nervous and physical debility, by mail \$2. Address Secretary Kahn's Museum, 718 Broadway, N. Y.

**Self Cure Free.** Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Weakness and Decay. A favorite prescription of one of the most noted and successful specialists in the United States (now retired). Sent in plain sealed envelope free. Druggists can fill it. Address **Dr. Ward & Co.,** Louisiana, Mo. **It never fails.**

**MANHOOD** To those suffering from the effects of youthful errors, seminal weakness, early decay, lost manhood, etc., I will send you particulars of a simple and certain means of self cure, free of charge. Send your address to **F. C. FOWLER,** Moodus, Conn.

**Kidney and all Urinary Troubles quickly and safely cured with Docuta Sandalwood.** Cures in seven days. Avoid injurious imitations; none but the Docuta genuine. Full directions. Price, \$1.50; half boxes, 75 cents. All Druggists.

## Prevention Beats Cure.

FRANCIS D'ALTON, P. O. Box 3,281, New York. Sole Agent Sevier's Sensitive Papers.

**YOUNG MEN** Address Cleveland Dispensary, Cleveland, Ohio, for descriptive circular of our instrument (worn nightly) and Method of curing Nightly Emissions. Simple, Cheap, and Never Fails.

## "CUPID'S LOZENGES"

Restore Lost Vigor. Immediate Effects. Pleasant, Safe, Sure. By mail, \$1. Circulars, 2 cts. Address, Dr. J. V. STANTON & CO., Station 1, New York.

**"Blackmixer"** cures Urinary Disorders. Price, 50 cents. All druggists. Agents, 115 Fulton St., New York, and 1701 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**Perfexione strengthens, enlarges and develops any part of the body.** Price, \$1. N. E. Med. Inst., 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass. (Copyrighted.)

**Dr. Fuller's Pocket Injection with Syringe** combined. Cures stinging irritation and all urinary diseases. \$1. All Druggists. Depot 420 Canal St., N. Y.

**Nervous Debility** Quick permanent cure. Book free. Circulars, 2 cts. Address, Electro Medical Co., 445 Canal St., N. Y.

## WANTS.

**WANTED LADIES AND GENTLEMEN** who own homes. Work to make \$5 to \$4 a day easily at their own homes. Work sent by mail. No canvassing. Circulars with stamp **Crowns Mfg Co.,** 30 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

**Agents wanted for my new fast-selling articles;** samplers free. C. E. MARSHALL, Lockport, N. Y.

**A Great Offer! The "Police Gazette" and the Week's Doings** will be mailed in one wrapper to any address for three months on receipt of \$1.50. Address Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square and Dover Street, New York.

**DON'T YOU WANT** a \$30 Shot Repeating Rifle for \$15, a \$30 Breech Loading Shotgun for \$15, a \$12 Concert Organ for \$12, a Solid Gold \$25 watch for \$15, a \$15 Silver Watch for \$8. You can get any of these articles free if you will devote a few hours of your leisure time evenings to introducing our new goods. One lady secured a Gold Watch free, in a single afternoon. A gentleman got a Silver watch for fifteen minutes work a boy 21 years old secured a watch in one day; hundreds of others have done nearly as well. If you have a **Magic Lantern** you can start a business that will pay you from \$10 to \$50 every night. Send at once for our Illustrated Catalogue of Gold and Silver Watches Self-cocking, Bull Dog Revolvers, Spy Glasses, Indian Scout and Astronomical Telescopes, and other instruments, Typewriters, Organ Accordion, Violins, &c. It will start you on the road to wealth. **WORLD MANUFACTURING CO.,** 122 Nassau Street, New York.



PROF. JEAN CIVIALE.  
Discoverer and Originator of this Method.  
Visiting Surgeon to L'Hôpital des Salpêtriers, de l'Hôpital and other Hospitals of Paris; Member of the French Academy of Medicine, &c., &c.

## EVERY HOSPITAL IN FRANCE

Has now adopted this treatment (first proposed over 20 years ago by PROF. JEAN CIVIALE, and now so SUCCESSFULLY USED IN EVERY CIVILIZED COUNTRY). NO NAUSEOUS DRUGGING! NO CORRODED STOMACHS!!

The Pleasantest, Mildest and Quickest means known to the Medical world to-day, and unquestionably endorsed wherever known by the most prominent Physicians. SEND for our Splendid ILLUSTRATED BOOK, Free to every EARNEST Inquirer. Full of facts and advantage to both young and old. Endorsements from both Continents and brief biographical sketches of CIVIALE and LALLEMAND. Invariably sent sealed.

CONSULTATION by mail or in person, with the following REORGANIZED CONSULTING STAFF (MEDICAL & SURGICAL):  
**WILLIAM F. FLETCHER, M.D., Ph.D.,** Chief of Staff.  
**EDMUND DANTES, M.D.,** late Lecturer on Mental and Nervous Diseases in the Rush Medical College.  
**RENE LE GALLIER, M.D.,** Member of the Academy of Medicine, Paris, France, and Professor of Sexual and Venereal Diseases in the L'Ecole de Médecine, also attending physician to L'Hôpital du Midi, etc., etc.  
**GEORGE D. REEVE, M.D.,** Manufacturing, Analytical and Experimental Chemist, Licentiate of the School of Pharmacy of Heidelberg and Berlin, Germany.

## ENDORSEMENTS BY THE PRESS.

"For young, middle-aged and even old men suffering from weakness, debility or impotency, we know of no remedy so certain to cure or so thoroughly endorsed by the entire medical profession as those of the Civiale Agency. We know them to be regular and reliable specialists."—*New York World, Sept. 3.*

"The propriety of devoting editorial space to the subject matter of any medical advertisement that may appear in our columns may be doubted by some, and indeed were it not for our personal knowledge of the skill and integrity of the Medical Director of the CIVIALE AGENCY, we should deem ourselves more than guilty were we to utter a word of endorsement as to the efficacy of their system of treating that serious class of diseases in men, which for so many years has been and is at present the stalking ground of impudent quacks and pretenders. This theory and practice of medicine is an advance over everything now known for this class of diseases, and in it many a weak and nerveless youth or impotent man will find health and happiness."—*TRIBUNE AND FARMER, July 26.*

Also Agents for the new celebrated ELASTIC SELF-ADJUSTING and GLOVE-FITTING CRADLE-COMPRESSOR, for the RAPID, PAINLESS and PERFECT CURE OF



All Communications Absolutely Confidential. Address  
**CIVIALE REMEDIAL AGENCY, 164 Fulton St., New York.**

The above cut represents 6 of the latest and most popular designs which we manufacture in the ring line. Nos. 1, 3, 4 and 5 are the new and wonderful Venezuela Diamonds, set in SOLID GOLD. They are a new discovery. They bear very close resemblance to REAL DIAMONDS, in fact, so much so that the difference can only be determined by a clever expert; they have no foil on the back to give them lustre, but possess the brilliant scintillating rays only found in rare old mine diamonds. Nos. 2 and 6 are the ever popular Band and Round Wedding Rings, and no blushing bride need feel ashamed to wear them at the altar. They are made of our best 18 K. ROLLED GOLD, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction. We wish to call particular attention to Nos. 1 and 3, CORSESHOE and CLOVER LEAF or SHAM-ROCK; both are emblem of good luck and have been from time immemorial. The CORSESHOE has been worn in the shape of scarves, rings, earrings, etc., for years, a great many people believing that it brings them good luck. The clover leaf or shamrock is comparatively new. It is not only an emblem of good luck, but also an emblem of that beautiful Isle beyond the sea, Ireland. This ring is all the rage with well-to-do society in N. Y., and is the most popular and saleable ring we manufacture.

**WARREN MFG CO.,** Manufacturing Jewelers, 9 Warren St., New York.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The "N. Y. Weekly News," the largest and cheapest weekly published, will be sent from now to Jan. 1, 1895, for 25 CENTS. Greatest offer ever made by a newspaper, containing 12 pages every week. Take 6 issues to read its 72 columns of news. Every one will find something personally interesting in it. Send 25 cents and try it until Jan. 1st. Address, N. Y. WEEKLY NEWS, P. O. Box 3,785, N. Y.

**TO THE BASHFUL.** F. H. \$2. B. D. (with plates), \$3. Or cards, \$2. Cm. \$2 per box. F. T. for pleasure's sake, \$5. Everything Old and genuine—old bidders buy again—and make new ones begin. No agents. Stamps. Express. H. P. Booth, Box 2,049, Boston, Mass.

## AN OLD-TIME BOOK.

F. H. Fine Steel Engravings. Price \$2.50. Transparent Playing Cards, price \$2.50 per pack by mail, well sealed. Nassau Book Co., 37 and 39 Nassau Street, Room 34, New York.

**Mysteries of Marriage.**—Tricks and devices of married life exposed. Secrets of nature revealed. Every married couple and those contemplating marriage should read this book. Illustrated. Sealed by mail. Price, \$2. B. H. EVANS & CO., Brockton, Mass.

**Rare Books! Scarce Photos! Choice Cards!** (Sold to men only.) List for stamp. NOVELTY CO., Box 400, Springfield, Ohio.

**A Great Offer! The "Police Gazette" and the Week's Doings** will be mailed in one wrapper to any address for three months on receipt of \$1.50. Address Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square and Dover Street, New York.

**New Books for young men only.** Under Lock and Key, 50c. Silent Friend, \$1. The 6th and 7th book of Moses, \$1. The Long-Lost Friend, \$1. Man and Woman, \$2. Circulars, 2 cts. Address Box 53, Palmyra, Pa.

**Edmond Dantes.** Sequel to Alexander Dumas' "Count of Monte-Cristo." Morocco cloth, \$1.25; paper cover, 75c. T. B. PATTERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa.

**Mysteries of Marriage.** An interesting book. By mail, 50c. C. E. MILLER, Defiance, Ohio.

## SPORTING GOODS.

**Gamblers & Gambling.** Their Tricks and Devices exposed. Send for my mammoth circular. Sent FREE to ANTHONY. Address or call in person, WM. SUYDAN, 64 Nassau St., New York City.

**Beneke Bros., Champion Pedestrian and Athletic Shoemakers,** 159 and 201 Canal St., N. Y.

## EVERY YOUNG MAN

Who is WEAK, NERVOUS or DEBILITATED, who in an hour of FOOLISHNESS has trifled away his STRENGTH, VITALITY or PROCREATIVE POWER, Weakened his Mind, Unstrung his Nerves or sapped his SEXUAL STRENGTH, and who now finds himself suffering from TERRIBLE DRAINS and LOSSES, NERVELESS, IMPOTENT and UNSEXED by Nameless Vice or other cause, and

Every Middle-aged and Old Man, Who finds POWER and VITALITY, NERVE and SEXUAL STRENGTH, CAPACITY and VIRILITY sensibly weakened, WHETHER BY EXCESS OR NOT, or who finds himself abashed and ashamed of his CHILDISH IMPOTENCE and WEAKNESS, CAN BE PERFECTLY CURED BY THE

## CIVIALE URETHRAL TREATMENT.

That HEALTH, STRENGTH, VIGOR, POTENCY & VIRILITY CAN BE REGAINED, & EVERY NERVE, FIBRE & TISSUE OF THE BODY BE MADE TO YIELD THE OLD TIME SNAP and VIM! all WEAKENING DRAINS and LOSSES BE PROMPTLY and FOREVER CURED, AND NEW LIFE and ENERGY BE PUT WHERE NONE BEFORE EXISTED.

## EVERY HOSPITAL IN FRANCE

Has now adopted this treatment (first proposed over 20 years ago by PROF. JEAN CIVIALE, and now so SUCCESSFULLY USED IN EVERY CIVILIZED COUNTRY). NO NAUSEOUS DRUGGING! NO CORRODED STOMACHS!!

The Pleasantest, Mildest and Quickest means known to the Medical world to-day, and unquestionably endorsed wherever known by the most prominent Physicians. SEND for our Splendid ILLUSTRATED BOOK, Free to every EARNEST Inquirer. Full of facts and advantage to both young and old. Endorsements from both Continents and brief biographical sketches of CIVIALE and LALLEMAND. Invariably sent sealed.

CONSULTATION by mail or in person, with the following REORGANIZED CONSULTING STAFF (MEDICAL & SURGICAL):  
**WILLIAM F. FLETCHER, M.D., Ph.D.,** Chief of Staff.  
**EDMUND DANTES, M.D.,** late Lecturer on Mental and Nervous Diseases in the Rush Medical College.  
**RENE LE GALLIER, M.D.,** Member of the Academy of Medicine, Paris, France, and Professor of Sexual and Venereal Diseases in the L'Ecole de Médecine, also attending physician to L'Hôpital du Midi, etc., etc.  
**GEORGE D. REEVE, M.D.,** Manufacturing, Analytical and Experimental Chemist, Licentiate of the School of Pharmacy of Heidelberg and Berlin, Germany.

## ENDORSEMENTS BY THE PRESS.

"For young, middle-aged and even old men suffering from weakness, debility or impotency, we know of no remedy so certain to cure or so thoroughly endorsed by the entire medical profession as those of the Civiale Agency. We know them to be regular and reliable specialists."—*New York World, Sept. 3.*

"The propriety of devoting editorial space to the subject matter of any medical advertisement that may appear in our columns may be doubted by some, and indeed were it not for our personal knowledge of the skill and integrity of the Medical Director of the CIVIALE AGENCY, we should deem ourselves more than guilty were we to utter a word of endorsement as to the efficacy of their system of treating that serious class of diseases in men, which for so many years has been and is at present the stalking ground of impudent quacks and pretenders. This theory and practice of medicine is an advance over everything now known for this class of diseases, and in it many a weak and nerveless youth or impotent man will find health and happiness."—*TRIBUNE AND FARMER, July 26.*

Also Agents for the new celebrated ELASTIC SELF-ADJUSTING and GLOVE-FITTING CRADLE-COMPRESSOR, for the RAPID, PAINLESS and PERFECT CURE OF



All Communications Absolutely Confidential. Address  
**CIVIALE REMEDIAL AGENCY, 164 Fulton St., New York.**

The above cut represents 6 of the latest and most popular designs which we manufacture in the ring line. Nos. 1, 3, 4 and 5 are the new and wonderful Venezuela Diamonds, set in SOLID GOLD. They are a new discovery. They bear very close resemblance to REAL DIAMONDS, in fact, so much so that the difference can only be determined by a clever expert; they have no foil on the back to give them lustre, but possess the brilliant scintillating rays only found in rare old mine diamonds. Nos. 2 and 6 are the ever popular Band and Round Wedding Rings, and no blushing bride need feel ashamed to wear them at the altar. They are made of our best 18 K. ROLLED GOLD, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction. We wish to call particular attention to Nos. 1 and 3, CORSESHOE and CLOVER LEAF or SHAM-ROCK; both are emblem of good luck and have been from time immemorial. The CORSESHOE has been worn in the shape of scarves, rings, earrings, etc., for years, a great many people believing that it brings them good luck. The clover leaf or shamrock is comparatively new. It is not only an emblem of good luck, but also an emblem of that beautiful Isle beyond the sea, Ireland. This ring is all the rage with well-to-do society in N. Y., and is the most popular and saleable ring we manufacture.

**WARREN MFG CO.,** Manufacturing Jewelers, 9 Warren St., New York.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**A PRIZE.** Send six cents for postage, and receive, free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address **TRUX & CO.,** Augusta, Maine.

## FRENCH GOODS.

Books, Views, Photographs, Cards, etc., sealed Catalogue for stamped directed envelope. **NEW YORK NOTION CO.,** 58 Liberty St., New York.

**Patent Binders, containing Four of the latest issues, for filing the POLICE GAZETTE and WEEK'S DOINGS,** can be purchased at the POLICE GAZETTE Publishing House, Franklin Square and Dover Street. Price, \$1.50 each.

**Get the Set of Twelve Pretty French Girls,** highly colored and in interesting positions, 50c. per set; three sets, \$1.00. Stamps taken as cash. W. SCOTT, up 3 flights, 39 Nassau Street, N. Y.

**W. D. Wilson Printing Ink Company** (Limited), supply the ink used on this paper, and manufacture every description of printing and lithographic inks. Office, 75 Fulton street; Factory, Long Island City.

**CUNS.** For information FREE, send to **PHENIX FIREARMS CO.,** 41 Barclay St., N. Y.

**Gents,** send 25 cts. for sample of light and durable Gubber goods. Address F. O. Box 452, San Antonio, Tex.

## PHOTOGRAPHS.

**Notice to Sporting Men.**—Life Size Pictures of Charles Mitchell, the champion pugilist of England, will be furnished by John Woods, the well-known theatrical and sporting photographer of 218 Broadway, N. Y. The portraits of the champions are copyrighted, and can only be furnished by John Woods, the POLICE GAZETTE photographer.

**GENUINE FRENCH PHOTOGRAPHS,** Male and Female, taken from nature. In sets of (3), sent by mail for \$1. Genuine fancy pictures, guaranteed, 3 sets, \$2. W. SCOTT, up 3 flights, 39 Nassau St., N. Y.

**A Great Offer! The "Police Gazette" and the Week's Doings** will be mailed in one wrapper to any address for three months on receipt of \$1.50. Address Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square and Dover Street, New York.

**Gentl!** Send for our photos of females in lovely positions (from life), 5 for 50c., 12 different, \$1. Send for our elegant book, 61 illustrations, racy reading, 25c.; 5 copies, \$1. By mail. BROAD TARD CO., Foxboro, Mass.

**Too funny for anything.** 15 scripted pictures showing a Young Married Couple in all sorts of antics. By mail, 25c. **WARREN & CO.,** Brooklyn, N. Y.



### THE CHILD OF THE DIVES.

A SAMPLE OF THE UNUTTERABLE ABOMINATIONS BY WHICH THE LITTLE DAUGHTERS OF THE POOR ARE RAPIDLY FAMILIARIZED WITH VICE AND DEBAUCHERY.

I.—A Sailor Dance-House on Cherry Street. II.—Exterior of Saloon 123 Cherry Street. III.—Kitty Cavanagh. IV.—Interior of a Dive in Chatham Street. V.—A Typical Diver. VI.—Exterior of a Den on Chatham Street. VII.—Trappers Trapped.